

PHŒBE KISSAGEN

OR THE
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES, SCHEMES
WILES AND DEVILRIES

OF
UNE MAQUERELLE

BEING A SEQUEL TO

“THE NEW EPICUREAN”

SIR TOBY. — « Do'st think that
because thou art virinous, there
shall be no more cakes and ale? »
CLOWN. — « Yes! by St. Anne,
and ginger shall be hot i' the
mouth, too! »

Twelfth Night, or What you will.

LONDON, 1743 (Reprinted 1875.)

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

LETTER I.

which being introductory, will not prove very interesting to the reader.

TO LADY G..... R.

ADAM,

Your billet came safe to hand, and I feel much honoured by your ladyship's commands, which, as in duty bound, I shall obey to the best of my poor ability. You express surprise, my lady, that I should be so expert with my pen; perhaps your ladyship is not aware that Sir Charles took a deal of trouble with my education; being naturally of sickly parts, I profited by the instruction of the good old gentleman. Then his conversation was always full to me, for he could talk history wonderfully, I devoutly believe, knew by heart every particular of all the amours of our kings and queens, the days of Guinevere, the fair, frail spouse

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ONDON.

of King Arthur; but what most delighted him were the witty memoirs of the Comte de Grammont, in which a full account is given of the voluptuous Court of Charles II. So it came to pass that what with hearing him read out of that book, and tell anecdotes he had read elsewhere, I gained an insight to men and manners, and, as courtesy and politeness are the same in every age, I learnt the meaning of those qualities, and also gained some knowledge of taste.

But while I have been running on about myself, your ladyship is doubtless dying with impatience to have your letter answered.

I am requested to tell your ladyship all I can concerning poor Sir Charles' (1) last moments—a melancholy subject, madam, which I would fain not have alluded to. Ah! my lady, what a gallant gentleman he was!

After our retreat into Herefordshire (which your ladyship may remember, was in consequence of that unfortunate duel, and lady Cecilia's elopement), my master never seemed the same man at all. Whether his wound was the cause, or what it was I cannot say, but he seemed to grow old and peevish, as it were, all at once; and although he survived that event seventeen years, and for five of them had Miss Medley, besides Chloe and myself, for his mis-

tresses, and continued very fond of toying with us, seeing us naked, gamahuching, and the like, he never performed the act of love with that vigour which formerly characterised him. He would sit by the window, looking dreamily out into the noble park which surrounds S. . . . n Hall, listening to the melancholy rustling of the trees, for hours.

Your ladyship knows what a singular penchant Sir Charles had for young girls; this taste of his grew upon him largely. He cared no longer for girls of twelve or thirteen, nothing would do them, but we must furnish him with pretty children, mere babies of six or seven. These little girls it was his delight to gamahuche, and at length he became impotent unless one or two of them were present when he desired our company, upon which Miss Medley, Chloe, and I made very sad reflections.

At length one evening — well do I remember it — the 3rd of December, Sir Charles sent for me to his chamber.

“ Phœbe, ” says he, “ I feel quite myself this evening, and am resolved to dress, go, child, and tell cook to let us have a good supper — a roasted pheasant, or something of that sort. Here are my keys; get out some wine from N^o 8 bin; mind, with the green seal. Damme, we'll make a night of it. ”

I obeyed his orders, and then returned to the dressing-room. Sir Charles was gay and merry; already he had donned his best wig and ruffled shirt; his rich embroidered suit, the one made for him by Rivierre, of Paris, and which he had not worn for an age, lay on a chair near him.

The good gentleman was full of fun, and took all sorts of liberties with me while I helped him to

(1) This personage, the hero of the *New Epicurean*, supposed to have been the notorious Colonel Chartres, immortalised by Hogarth in the first plate of the *Harlots Progress*. The redoubtable Colonel took his trial at the Old Bailey for a rape in 1736, and only escaped the halter by the artlessness of his counsel. — ED.

dress, which you may be sure pleased me mightily, as they proved what excellent spirits he was in.

Going down at length into the long drawing-room, where a large fire burned brightly upon the hearth, he rang for Chloe and the little girls, with whom he amused himself till supper was ready, telling with great glee many of his old droll stories and double entendres; in short, he outdid himself by the brilliancy of his conversation, and the sparkle of his wit. I quite regretted Mrs. Jackson (Miss Medley as used to be) was not present.

When supper was ready, he did the honours with his usual grace, drank bumper after bumper of Burgundy, and enjoyed himself as I had not seen him do for many a long year.

Supper over and the door fastened, the real fun of the evening commenced. Nothing would do but he must display before us some of his former vigour. So, calling upon Chloe (who I must acquaint your ladyship, has grown up into a very fine woman) to kneel upon the sofa, he tossed up her clothes, and displayed to view her large, white dimpled posterior, beneath which might now be seen that no longer hairless cleft, the sweet sign of her sex, a rosy papil; which stood partly open to receive his wand.

While I was expecting the young girls to be called forward to gannashucho him, to the surprise of us all, Sir Charles undid his flap, and displayed his truncheon, hard and erect in all the pride of its former days. So without more ado, he caught a good hold of Chloe round the hips, and was into her in a minute. She, nothing loath, received him with hearty welcome, and began to wriggle and twirl in good style. In about ten minutes Sir Charles

had done the trick, and lay upon her firm breasts, panting with delight.

When he had a little recovered himself, and had a glass of wine, he took the two little naked girls, placed one astride his pego, while he gannashuched the other. Then, being again ready for action, he led me to the sofa, and telling me to lie upon my back, commenced upon me quite en regle, Chloe, and the children skilfully manipulating meanwhile.

Nothing could exceed the furore with which he played his part, covering my face, neck, and breasts with kisses.

Suddenly a tremor seized him, he spent, and lay prone upon me like a log! Why was he so heavy? What meant that glassy stare? Oh, horror! — I lay joined to a corpse! Sir Charles was dead!

So soon as I became aware of this terrific fact, I struggled from under the body, and rising up, saw with feelings I can never forget, the awe-inspired countenances of my companions.

But my usual presence of mind came to my aid. I re-adjusted his dress, and laid the body gently on its back on the sofa, which bore the evidences of loves highest raptures.

How suitable a bier for the man! Alas! poor Sir Charles! I sent the children, under the care of Chloe, to bed. I put the room a little in order, and then, but not till then, did I pull violently at the bell, and summon the servants.

Three or four came running in.

“Quick! — said I; run and fetch the doctor, you will find him at the Rectory. I heard him say he was going to have a rubber with the parson this evening. But! Sir Charles is in a fit!

They disappeared like lightning, for all his servants loved him, and I, yes, I was left alone with the corpse. Yes, there it lay in its embroidered suit, the waxy fingers glistening with gems, and the diamond shoe buckles flashing light. So still! Could this be the gallant Sir Charles? I could stand it no longer, and fairly blubbered like a child, for let me tell your ladyship, I truly loved that man.

In an incredibly short space of time, the doctor arrived, and he told me at once what I had previously understood — his old friend and benefactor was dead.

There was an inquest, when the jury returned the verdict: "Died by the visitation of God," which for my part, I consider very ridiculous, as the doctor told those wiscracks that it was disease of the heart.

**

After the funeral, we received a visit from the lawyer of Sir Charles, who informed Chloe and myself very politely that three thousand pounds each had been bequeathed to us. He added that the heir would be down next day, and he thought we should see the propriety of leaving the Hall before his arrival, and he hoped we should take the children with us, as no provision appeared to have been made for them.

To these propositions we consented, and left that same night. Three days afterwards we were in London.

We found comfortable lodgings in a street over against St. Martin's Church, at Charing Cross, and I at once gave Chloe her cue. I was to pass for a widow, whose husband, a ship captain, had been

drowned three years before. Chloe was my sister, the little girls my children. With this view, I told them they were always to call me mamma, and Chloe aunt. Poor innocents! they had no recollection of a mother, having both been kidnapped by gipsies, from whom I bought them for Sir Charles, nor have I the least idea of the condition of life from which they had been removed.

Having thus cleared the ground, we were prepared with a ready tale, when the next morning our officious landlady with the curiosity of her class, began, while setting the breakfast things, to put the usual pumping questions.

That good woman having forced out, as she thought, all she wanted to know, and seeing our purses were well filled, left us at length with a profusion of courtesies.

In the course of the morning, sending for a coach, and taking the children with us, we set off for the Temple.

In Pump Court lived a young member of the bar, a Mr. Randall, whom we were well acquainted with, from his having been a frequent visitor at the Hall in the shooting season.

This young spark was our very good friend — perhaps something more, and to him we proposed to apply as to the best means of investing our legacies.

We found our young Templar up three pair of stairs, in a very cheerful chamber. He received us in his robe-de-chambre, and with many apologies for the disorder of his rooms, set chairs and desired us to be seated.

As your ladyship has possibly never been in the

Temple, a description of this young gentleman's chambers may amuse you.

The apartment in which we found ourselves was spacious, and well panelled with good oak wainscot, lighted by two casement windows which looked into the stone-paved court, in the centre of which stands a big pump, from which I suppose it derives its name. A large maple table, six massive chairs covered in sadly faded and worn velvet, a cabinet, and a rickety sideboard, comprised the furniture.

Over the chimney piece was what had once been a superb Venetian mirror, in a gilt frame, with sconces for lights; but now, all cracked and clouded, the gilding tarnished, it presented a sad picture of departed glory.

On the walls hung fencing foils and masks, boxing gloves, prints representing favorite racehorses, pugilists, and so on. Mixed up with the remains of breakfast, lay the remnants of last night's debauch; a snashed punch bowl, wine glasses, pieces of pipes, lemons, etc.

On the sideboard were numerous bottles, full and empty, and the whole room was reeking with the odour of stale tobacco smoke, wine, and strong waters.

To complete the scene, so strange to our eyes, in a corner lay our young gallant's sword, thrust through the belt, instead of into the scabbard; his wig, a watchman's lantern, a staff, a woman's cap, and a garter! — the latter most probably the spoils of some affray in which the madcap had been engaged the night before, when he had beaten the watch.

A door on one side of the chamber I presumed to open into the bed room; but as there was no saying whether it might not contain some fair creature, your ladyship may be sure I was not so indiscreet as to put any impudent question.

M^r Randall, having first picked up his wig, which he tossed carelessly on his head, turned to me and inquired, —

“ What happy circumstance am I indebted to for the honour of a visit? ”

I briefly told him I had called to request his advice as to the best way of investing our money.

“ And so, ” said M^r Randall, crossing his legs, and producing a handsome snuff box, which he opened with one hand after the last mode and presented to me, and then took a large pinch, “ so that dear old sinner is defunct? ”

I nodded.

“ Strange, ” he continued, “ that I should not have heard of his death; but, gad, Herefordshire is a dove of a way off. He was a capital fellow, was Sir Charles, but a very devil for the girls. Well, well, we must all die some day, I suppose, damme! And now, my dear creatures, what can I do for you? I cannot marry you both, but will take whichever of you will have me. ”

He stopped a second, and receiving no reply, continued. —

“ But, damme, all this time you are wanting to learn how to invest your money? Three thousand pounds each! By Jove, that was devilish handsome of the old boy, though, wasnt it? Well, let me see, there's (counting on his fingers) — 1, Long Annuities; 2, Consols; 3, Indian Bonds; 4, South

Sea (that's a bubble, mind my words, a bubble, not bubbly, my dear,) the wag added aside and turning to Chloe, " I did not say bubbly, but a bubble — a bubble, my dear creatures, that will burst); 5, There's Government Securities — Stop, I have it, " he continued; — there is a capital house to be sold in Leicester Fields; it is freehold, well built, and handsomely fitted up; a night house, where all the bloods (1) about town go, to get rid of their money. Old Mother H. — has made a fortune there in five years, and is now retiring from business. She will want, let me see, I should say a thousand for the goodwill, and five hundred more for the furniture — a capital spec! The price of the freehold is two thousand, so that you may have the whole thing out-and-out for a cool seventeen hundred and fifty pounds each, if you two go halves. That is little more than half your money and with the rest you can buy an Annuity, my darlings."

As, notwithstanding all his madcap ways, we knew Mr. Randall to be a shrewd, clever man of the world, and of undoubted probity, I felt strongly inclined to agree; but Chloe, more cautious, proposed that we should think it all over, and so we left.

To cut the matter short, I may as well tell your ladyship that a few days afterwards we again saw our friend, and told him we had decided to follow his advice; and now I am mistress of the most patrician house of pleasure in the metropolis, frequented as it is by nearly all the quality.

(1) Swells.

— But really this letter has already been much too long, so with my humble duty to your ladyship, I remain, madam,

Your servant to command,

PHICKE KISSAGEN.

LETTER II.

In which the reader is initiated in some of the mysteries practised in a modern temple of Venus.

Now strip my children, now at once leap in,
And see who best can dash through thick and thin.
Fore.

TO LADY MARY MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

I am vastly obliged to your good ladyship for all your kind inquiries. I am happy to say that, thank the Lord, my new place of business is thriving nicely and while I can maintain my company select, and my girls in good health, all will go on well.

As my customers are all gentlemen of the first quality, I can fit your ladyship to a hair with a gal-

last, whenever you like to honour Leicester Field with a visit; mine is the corner house at the south end; but be pleased, madam, to give me a day's notice, to give time for a few necessary inquiries.

You desire me, my lady, to give you a relation of our doings here, in the rogering line, and I'll use my endeavours to please your ladyship, which I can the more readily do, as both Chloe and self have peepholes to all the rooms of our wenchess, and can both see and hear all that passes in those chambers whenever we have a mind to.

I will therefore take them in rotation, from no. 1 to no. 20.

ROOM 1.

Last night this room was hired by young Sir Charteres Neville. Miss Sophy Boller, to whom the chamber belongs, is as pretty a piece of goods as you ever saw in your life; a little wench, exceedingly well made, and just turned twenty.

She has the most languishing black eyes in the world, and her fine hair, which is a rich chestnut colour, she wears *au naturel*, as the French say, that is without powder or ribbons; only on oneside of her head is attached, jauntily enough, a real danish rose.

She has a skin perfectly smooth, white, and polished as marble. Her breasts are two hard, white balls, which, without the aid of stays, stand bolt upright, and are of great size and volume. Her waist is little, and this beauty very much enhances the delicious bulge of her plump hips and posteriors. Sure no one but your ladyship has such lovely hemispheres, as one of my gentlemen calls

em; beginning at the fleshy part of her thigh, they seem to meander away upwards quite to her waist, where they terminate, leaving two deep dimples on either side of the ravishing crease.

For the rest, she has a belly smooth and white, cansey tight and well fledged, a well turned leg, and small feet.

Sir Charteres, who is a handsome young man as any girl could desire, appeared very fine in his embroidered suit and full bottomed periwig, sword, bag, and solitaire.

He entered the room laughing, with his arm round Sophy's waist, in great glee at finding the dear girl disengaged. She is his favorite piece, for, the saucy gentleman observed to me one day, —

“Phoebe, ” says he, “for a jolly good fuck, give me a girl with an arse of her own; none of your slimy slips of girls will suit my fancy — plenty of white, firm flesh, Phoebe, that's the thing I require.”

Bless the dear young fellow's heart, he got all he wanted in Sophy!

As soon as he had secured the door, he said, — “Come, my dear, off with your rattletraps clothes are great enemies to the rites of Venus.”

And so saying, he began to set the example, pulling off his things with astonishing alacrity. Sophy laughed to see how quick he was, but, as she was not encumbered with much dress beyond her loose gown and smock, she very soon stood up in her stockings and shoes, all else being entirely naked.

At this sight, the young gentleman tore off his breeches, the only thing he still wore, and bounding

to her, he caught the sweet girl in his arms, and buried his face in her bubbles. Then he lifted her up, and thrusting out his tongue, he licked her nearly all over her titties, her cunny, her dimpled bum, arms, face; and then, as if he had not satisfied his hunger, he finally thrust his fiery tongue into her little rosy mouth.

She, being an adept in her art, and, as I can assure your ladyship, one of the best performers in the whole world, expanded wide her plump thighs; then seizing on his hard, red-headed staff, she guided the restive steed into the stable.

This action on her part so excited Sir Charlerges that, tipping her back on the bed, he was upon her in a moment.

It was a sight that did my heart good, to see these two young creatures, in the bloom of youth, health and beauty, enjoying all the sweets of love. For now Sophy began to wriggle and twist, first throwing one leg over his back, then the other, now with a desperate bound tossing him up, then with expending him self catching him again, like a game of cup and ball; but human nature could not stand this sort of thing very long, and so, amidst sighs and coos, and, "Oh, my precious loves," and "Aha," and "Urrs," the climax came, and dissolved in bliss; they then lay for some minutes in each other's arms quite still.

But soon the fire of desire again played in the veins of the young lover, and rising, he made Sophy kneel upon all fours on the bed; then, after kissing and caressing those bulging Turkish beauties of hers, he pointed his rampant prick at the right spot, and seizing on her bubbles he began to move with

great rapidity, going home to the hilt at every thrust.

Nothing I can assure your ladyship, could be more exhilarating and exciting than this scene, Sophy sounding, and ever and anon, by the flexibility of her loins, giving her buttocks a voluptuous shake.

The smacking of his belly against them, and then the great beauty of the two forms — nothing could be finer. It was a triumph of nature, and I could not help regretting that Mr Gervaise was not with me, to make a drawing of the pair.

But, alas! the greatest pleasures in this life are but fleeting, as the worthy Sir Charles used to say, for in about five minutes their sighs came short and quick, their ejaculations of bliss commenced, and soon all was over for that bout. So, leaving my young lovers to recover themselves, I thought I would see what was going on in

ROOM II.

Here a very different scene was enacting.

The first person my eyes rested on, was a tall middle-aged man, dressed entirely in black, but the brilliants of the finest water which sparkled in the buckles of his shoes and in his silver mounted sword, the delicate whiteness of his hands, and the costly Mechlin-lace ruffles which shaded them, smacked too much of la mode, for any person to be mistaken in the quality of the gentleman. He was in fact, no other but your old friend Lord Partington. He was standing in the most graceful attitude against a cabinet, holding in his right hand a formidable looking

birch rod tied up with scarlet ribbon. In front of him stood three remarkably pretty young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who were, in fact, my flogging pupils, who went by the names of Cherry, Merry, and Frolic.

Miss Cherry was in the act of horsing the lovely Frolic; while Merry, laughing all the time, rolled up her clothes to her shoulders, and prepared to rub her feet.

As soon as all was ready, and the peach-like budding bottom of the sweet girl well exposed to view, together with a charming rosy cunny, perfectly free from any vestige of hair, which pouted out impudently beneath those tempting globes, his lordship advanced and imprinted on them a rapturous kiss. Then, standing back two or three feet, he raised his arm.

“Now miss,” cried he, affecting great anger, “I’ll teach you not to be naughty any more, a good sound flogging will do you good.”

With that he commenced laying on in good earnest, and with all the strength of his arm.

At first, the poor little buttocks of miss Frolic only assumed a deep carnation hue, but soon up rose large weals, the blood started forth and ran down her thighs. She roared, she screamed for mercy.

“Oh, oh, oh! my lord, for heaven’s sake! Ah! it is dreadful. Mercy! Mercy!”

But the excitement was too charming to Lord Fartington, he felt a sensible thrill of delight at every stroke he gave, and relaxed not his blow until quite exhausted, and the rod worn to a stump, he sank down on the floor.

As for poor Frolic, she was carried, fainting and

moaning to her room. And here, my lady, I may take occasion to remark, that for my part I never could see the pleasure of this flogging leech. My late excellent friend and patron had the penchant a little in his youth, and there were times when he would amuse himself by birching Daphnis and Chloe (1), but he never hit very hard, and only made their arms glow rosy and red. As to drawing blood and beating them in this barbarous manner, he was altogether too humane for that. But hear the sequel to this singular scene.

By the time Merry and Cherry had returned to the room, his lordship was on his legs again, as right as a trivet. Then my two little dears, knowing quite well their parts, began to reproach him for his cruelty, and at length seizing upon him, had his breeches down in a trice; then they tied his hands, and pushing him forward on the bed, Merry seized his legs. While Cherry, taking a brand new rod out of the closet, belaboured his buttocks most furiously.

He all the time making a great to do, pretending to struggle to free himself, and begging for mercy. When Cherry was tired, Merry advanced with another new rod, so that in ten minutes the rod was covered with blood, and his bum as raw as beefsteak.

Suddenly his lordship sprang off the bed, displaying his pogo hard and stiff against his belly. I have seldom seen a finer erection. “Quick, quick!” he exclaimed; and he seized on little Merry,

tossing up her clothes in a moment. Then mounting upon her, he began driving at her little car.

The girl was tight at first, but he was too big for her, so that he hurt her.

... to the him great delight; and make her cry out the more, he began nipping thighs and little bottom with his nails, and growled like a wild beast. I even expected to see him bite the girl, so much he seemed...

They have been here the rest of the time, but have not been able to get any work done.

re you, madam, to me it seemed vastly absurd, and so ludicrous did my lord look with his wig awry, and his whipped posteriors, that I had the greatest possible difficulty to keep from laughing.

But when getting off the girl at length (who by the bye, he had well nigh split up with cock) he went to sit down, but quickly lively droll, that I could hold in no longer.

1. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucosia* (L.) *leucosia* (L.) *leucosia* (L.)

Oh dear me, no! My Lord—

toss of her pretty little head, this is the
genie in the town, my lord, we has no
here.

• But I heard some one laugh, • retorted his lordship, a little softened, however.

"It's nothing," said Chet, pertly; "we'll be along in a minute."

... every night, and

No more should your lordship, and she dropped him the prettiest curtsey in the

1-1 Partington had buttoned up his breeches, however, many a wry face while per-
ation, and sett'g his wig straight
at, and buckled

He took a candle and led the way.

• Well, woman! • said he roughly, • what do you want? •

* Come, come, my lord, be civil, if you please,
know very well what I want without my tel-

pose. Marry-come-up! you're not the
of quality, that comes to my house by

I exclaimed, setting my arms a-

BRITISH WILDLIFE

* The matter is, my lord, * said I, assuming indignant air; * that you have nearly flog of my girls to death, and it may be she's fit for business. And as I have seen well nigh split her up and split my mare is a flogging girl, not a fucking one, as you were well, and you ought to have sent to one of other rooms for a woman if you wanted one, not a flogging one. * The head of a young crea like that, my lord, I thought you were never to give either of poor girls a crown for themselves. Oh, my! how do hate mean people!"

"Stop, stop! my good Mr. Kagen," cried the alarmed peer, seeing that I had aroused the whole house, and that heads were popping out of the doors of the different chambers in every direction. "In heaven's sake hold your clatter, and name no price."

* This was all I wanted, so I now lowered my tone, and coming to the point by degrees, showed his lordship out at last with a profusion of small change and a crisp bank note for two hundred pounds cashed up in my hand.

I now went to look after my girls. I found them dreadfully mauled indeed, and with a gunea and hating girl. I soon saw with her poor little bum with always kept for the purpose, I drew her curtain left her to repose.

I now returned to No 2, where I found little Mr. [redacted] still crying, and in a great fright lest I should be angry with her for allowing his lordship to [redacted].

idenhead. I comforted her as well as I could, and
then I went to bed.

LETTER III.

In which some queer fellows and rummy prigs are shown up.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

I resume my pen according to the promise I made
ladyship last week, and will now describe the

Room III.

an easy chair was seated a venerable looking gentleman, who appeared more like a man of

eighty than seventy four, which was his age. Though so old, he yet took a great interest in his dress, which was cut after the latest fashions. He wore a superb suit of sky-blue velvet, with gold lace, however, the most costly material. The stockings were rolled above the knee, the heels of his shoes being a million, the tips of his toes being a diamond on the ring finger of his left hand. His laced hat, which he kept on his powdered head, was also ornamented with a large diamond. His eye was wickedly cocked over his left eye, after the manner of all the young bloods and gallants in town. Add to this the portrait of your ladyship who this as you must have received, when I tell you that he was quite naked, and the cordon bleu.

The old gentleman was sitting with one leg crossed over the other, holding a snuff box, and occa-
sionally looking about him. He was quite naked, played about the chamber, turned

... and then threw by handfuls among

herself old, by the bye, for she is but eight, and one of the finest women on town). A console of marqueterie stood a massive silver vase with a bottle of hypocras and glasses, and her was to replenish that of the old man.

Every now and then one of the little girls would come within his reach, when he would catch th

them, kiss them, and let them go again. All this he did on with but little trouble, as nearly half an hour.

At length, the old boy turned to Chloe, and said,

• I think my dear, I begin to feel a slight sensa-
tion. Will you a-ah-that is you know."

He had swelled so much that he could not stand to have a look, and at length, bo! up it stood alone.

• Huzzah! cried the old fellow, tossing off a bumper; now my dear, lose no time, said he, eagerly to Chloe, who had indeed pulled up her clothes in a trice. She straddled over him, and then the children, laughing and pushing, seized hold of Mr Peaslin and popped him in.

All this time the old man sat perfectly still, leaving Chloe to do all the work, and she began to move rapidly à la postillon. This lasted another half hour.

• The sensation's passing off! said the poor old fellow. Quick, a gamahuchie, a gamahuchie! The next of the six sprang on to the arm of his chair, nimbly pirouetting her right leg over his head, her foot down on the other arm, presenting a instant, her beautiful peach like little and a tiny rosy cunny, as fresh as a rose. man's tongue was in it in a moment.

again, all right! cried Chloe, mincing as she went on with her trotting.

Presently the old fellow stretched out his arms and encircled the buttocks of Chloe with a tight embrace; he began to heave up his body, and gave a groan for push; then he was tossed over on his back, and Chloe hugged him to her bosom. The old man's head fell back. Spending, he had fainted. His trowsers were now admitted, and he was dressed again. He allowed Chloe to button up his flap and laced hat again over his left eye, and then turned all round, put a well-filled pocket-book into Chloe's hands, and took leave with a *Dam* not-so-bad for an old chap, neither!

Cherry was much amused with this, and said he whispered me that it was as good as a play, and we now visited

Room IV.

The only person I could see upon looking in this room, was pretty Lucy Rackett, a charming little girl, who was waiting for a

Her dark eyes were like the stars, and her hair was like the black raven. Her figure was slender, and her complexion clear and delicate. She was dressed in a white muslin dress, with a lace collar and cuffs, and a lace hem. Her hair was powdered with white powder, and she wore a white lace cap. Her hands were delicate and graceful, and her voice was sweet and melodious. She was a true beauty, and all who saw her were struck by her charms.

she was rolled over her knees after the
kiss on her red heeled shoes; as
she assemble, a tiny cut steel
feet between the skirts of her coat
and the left hip, her
picture
and the door.

the door. The steps were heard approaching, the door opened, and in it stood a man of nearly forty years of age, dressed in a dark suit, and a white cravat.

madam, observed attentively the
fancy dress, which was pretty correct
and well-arranged. A few moments
passed. A young man dressed in
a dark coat and a white cravat
came into the room, together with the bel-
oved master. Doffing his hat and advancei-
th a profusion of grimaces, he began in broken
English,

Ah! ma petite ange, and how is you to-night
Ah, mon dieu! vat a delicius costum.

you, Monseigneur, I am quite well, will you please to take? There is some
and also burgundy."

1. 1 see dis dear lov' before me
2. and you tak' Vy, my dear, vat si

... deal more of this sort of jar. —
M. — neur le Duc de Bellaire (for it w

that distinguished foreigner) proceeded to something more practical.

• But his proceedings were dashed with a sort of oddity, which little Cherry did not understand. First he undid the [redacted] and put in his hand, eve

them altogether, [redacted] KNEES.

But he never even glanced in front, but [redacted] and his devotions [redacted]

• on us, what a queer affair above half the size of an ordinary nose, it wanted in bulk it made up for in length.

This concern he began to point behind; but Lucy would not allow this guided him right. The duke [redacted] at this.

Another shake of the head.

• Tree hundred! he exclaimed angrily, pulling [redacted] pocket book.

• y wavering

• Oui, ma mie! cried he; I will give you [redacted] more for yourself!

Then, after counting out the notes, which [redacted] bosom, he [redacted] caught her in arms; My God! be careful! it's the first time, of the artful minx. The duke having applied a spittle to her beautiful brown bum hole, easily got

in his long thin prick; Miss Lucy was soon receded to this mode and gave way to her delight, how nice! it's better than the other way, go on, and tickle my fanny at the same time. Suiting her actions to her words, she wriggled and plunged under his pricker, oh! you do make me spend! oh! you're come, it's so nice and warin, and beats any thing I have ever read in the books, oh! oh! I... on again! The duke exhausted with delight, etc.

• Quelbel plaisir, dis is what de serpent teach Adam

Eve! dis is de forbidden fruit! ma belle Lucy!

• Oh — oh! whispered Cherry, I don't fancy that man at all; Let us come to n° 5, dear Mr. Kissagen.

ROOM V.

On looking through the aperture, we beheld our pretty blonde, Clarissa Fairfield, entertaining the wealthy Indian Rajah, who you are aware is now on a visit to this country in consequence of some dispute with the East India Company respecting the boundary of his territory.

Rajah Rum-un-fuckum [redacted] Bahadoor (what long names these Indians have!) is a great fat man, of dark chestnut color, with little black eyes, and short moustachios. He wore a turban, a dress, entirely of gold tissue, shone in the waxlights, every movement he made

I have seen people dressed very similar to him, in the playacting booths at fairs. Squatting cross-legged like a tailor, smoking a tremendous pipe,

I believe they call a hookey (but your ladyship understands, I dare say,) he had got Clarissa in

the funniest attitude imaginable; her heels resting on his shoulders; and she sat down on his two hands, his queer black pogo, of considerable length, just beginning to enter her cunny, when we arrived at our post.

The method was novel; when he wanted to give a home thrust, he dropped her upon his hands, would have a pull at his hookey, blow the cloud in her face, and handle her bubbles a bit, saving every time he did so,

"Rubbee bubbles, missee, dat makes de let-
cal."

Then he would lift her up again, and so on. As for Cherry and myself, we were ready to die with suppressed laughter.

"I am a bad girl, w'do the greatest morti-
factions made by poor Clarissa to suppress the desire
of her swarthy admirer, and appear to be
made her strip entirely naked, shot out of her
included, saying

"Ladies in my cunt-arey noled wearree. Rich
not likes; Feringhee dress not good. Wimmin
too much nicee—much pretty got."

To add to the poor girls mortification, he appeared as if he would never come to an end, for when I thought the finish was coming he stopped, and had a few puffs at his pipe. I am sure we must have watched them half an hour at least, and they were still hard at it when we left.

But it is time I concluded this billet, remaining
Madam,

Your obliged, humble servant

PATRIE KISSAEN.

LETTER IV.

In which our young Templar again appears on the scene

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

In a former letter, I gave you some account of a visit we paid to Mr Randall, a young barrister, in the Temple.

I felt so grateful to him for the good thing he had put me into by introducing me to this house, that no sooner were we got all straight, than I wrote him a letter, thanking him anew for all his kindness and attention, and inviting him to sup with me on

That is a day on which we always close our place of business to customers. Not so much, you may readily believe, from religious motives as from desire to have one day in the seven to ourselves, & all events. Besides it affords an opportunity to get the house cleaned down, and things put a bit to rights, for I cannot bear muddo and nastiness in any house.

Well, I got a vastly pretty pink billet from the young Templar in reply, wherein, after paying me my compliments, which, however, I hope I have much good taste to put down here, went on to that he would have much pleasure in accepting my invitation, and would be with me punctually at

Chloe and I, therefore, set to work and put my private parlour in order. It is a sweet pretty room at night, when the crimson silk curtain are drawn, the six pairs of wax candles in their silver sconces lighted up, and a roaring fire burning in the large grate.

On the sideboard shone a goodly show of massive plate, the gift principally of different patrons, to which I had added decanters and glasses of Bohemian and Venetian manufacture; and there was a good supply of wine, withal. So that nothing was wanting to make the young spark welcome.

Punctually at eight o'clock he arrived. I rang the bell as a hint to Betsy, the cook, that we were ready for supper, I made him vastly welcome. But the sly rogue was not satisfied with shaking hands, but must needs kiss both Chloe and myself, and thrusting one hand in Chloe's neck and the other in mine, began handling our bubbles—an innocent enough proceeding to a wise person, made no impression on me, but the sudden coming in just then with the supper, caused him to forbear his pranks for the present, and we sat down to table.

A large larded brace of roast fowls with sorrel sauce, and numerous French kickshaws not worth naming, formed the supper, to which our guest did ample justice, washing it down with copious draughts of claret. At length, when the table had been cleared away, he again expressed the pleasure he had in seeing us once more, and then went on to remind me of a sort of half promise I had made him in the Temple.

« Oh, » said I, laughing, « I remember it very well; but surely, now you are in a house full of some of the finest young women in London, who I can assure you are entirely at your command, free of any charge, you will not prefer your quondam sweetheart whom you used to fuck under the big tree of Sir Charles' park, down yonder in Herefordshire? Remember, I'm five or six years older than I was then, and in two or three years more shall be forty. »

« Pooh! pooh! » cried my young spark, « what matters about your age, my dear Phoebe? To my eyes you are more charming than ever, and I prefer you to all the laced mutton you may have in the house, damme! »

« Ha, ha, ha! » said Mr. Randall, « you mustn't like that way, or you'll quite offend Chloe. »

« Now, Venus forbid! » cried the amorous Tempest. « I can assure you, my dear creature, I have a heart spacious enough to retain a remembrance of the beauties of both; » and he laid his hand on his embroidered waistcoat. « I'm not like that rash old Machbeth, in the Beggar's Opera, who could only love one woman at a time, damme! » and he hummed the well known lines,

« How happy could I be with either,
Were 't other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word can I say. »

« No, no! my precious creatures, my turtle doves;
I can love you both at once; I've a strong back

We laughed heartily, your ladyship may be sure

at this sally, while he, to prove the truth of his assertions, let loose his great truncheon, and flung his arms round us both.

“ Seniority ought to bear the palm,” said the mad fellow, taking me by the hand with as much grace as if he were leading out a young lady to dance a minuet, and advancing to a convenient couch in the chamber; “ but as idleness is the root of all evil, fair Chloe, do you come also; your little quim shall have my tongue, while charming Phoebe takes the sugar stick.”

No sooner said than done. I being laid on my back, he mounted me en regle. Then Chloe, sitting on the head of the sofa, offered him her moss rose.

“ Ah, no,” said Mr. Randall, “ this little cunny has become fledged since I last had the pleasure of seeing it in Herefordshire. Egad! I thought you a beautiful little girl then, but you are a much finer one now.” Law, sir! laughed Chloe, “ do you think so?”

“ Oh, you little sly puss, you know very well,” said the Templar. Then he took a good hold of my hips, and fucked me with a vigour that rejoiced my heart. Once more I felt all those delicious sensations which had been called forth years — years ago by poor Sir Charles. How I began and spent! bit and squeezed! and I was! and twisted! Oh, my lady, it was a draught of bliss for me. I was in a delirium of joy. Dear man! how I hugged and loved him!

Nor was Chloe without her delight; he had skilful tongue, and used it nimbly, so that he soon set her spending and wriggling as much as myself.

At length, when all was over, and he had gal-

lantly handed me back to my seat near the fire, he just waited to swallow a bumper, and then made Chloe kneel up on the couch, he went slap at her like a young bull as he was, for his prick was still stiff as ever, notwithstanding the spouting shower of love’s nectar, with which he had just refreshed my tulip.

“ Oh, damme! ” he cried, “ what an arse you have, Chloe! what a white, smooth, dumpled, glorious full moon it is! ”

Smack, smack, went his belly against those clobes at every thrust. “ Ah! dear girl, how nice and tight your pretty hairy cunt is! Ur-r-r! ” and he ground his teeth.

I could stand this scene no longer, so running up to him I began to play with his cod-piece, slapping and feeling him about, and covering his nakedness with hot kisses.

Such additional aggravation soon brought on his climax and giving six or seven rapid pushes, he dispatched Chloe with a tremendous thrust, which must have reached her very womb’s mouth.

After this second performance, he seemed inclined to wait for awhile, so, to amuse him, I proposed that we should steal up the stairs and peep into all the girl’s rooms, to see how they were passing the time.

The idea tickled him mightily; so, buttoning up his breeches, and with one arm around my waist, and the other round Chloe’s, we first went to

ROOM VI.

This apartment was in the occupation of Effie Gordon, a native of the north of Scotland, and

notwithstanding that her hair was as red as a
fire, the ladies of the neighbourhood, and on
any other evening at Sandy would have been
sure to have had a gallant with her. As it was, she
was alone.

But before I relate to you, my lady, what she was
doing, I will endeavour to give you her portrait.

She is a lassie, then, of about eighteen years of age. I shall tell you a story which related people really to us. I never told it before, but it is a true story. It is a story of a girl who I was behold her. Her countenance presented a picture of health, the bloom of the rose was in her cheeks, in which, when smiling, she always twinkle bright. Her nose was small, delicate, slightly retroussé, her lips look like a rose, so red; and as for her white teeth, the serrations of the rose, and were not only thin, as they could be compared with. Her light blue eyes were large, and bright, and had black eyelashes, and by the way, her hair was indeed white, the same color as her hair, but certainly if her hair were her hair frizzled, ornamented with pale blue ribbons, and all powdered over with colour, it would be hard to see such a girl as she was, so round and beautiful, reminding one of the petals of a rose; a girl well proportioned, tall, and slender, and the most wavy, but I like her best of all. Her neck and shoulders were perfect, and her bosom large and exquisitely formed; her waist small and round, and her hips, thighs, prodigious! Then where before had our young gallant seen such rounded arms, or such little tiny hands and feet?

• What, • I hear your ladyship exclaim, • was she naked, then? •

Yes, she was indeed, and stretching herself out wantonly on the rug before the fire frigging herself thoughtfully with her forefinger every now and then. It was evident to us all, that she was either trying to recall some delicious scene with a favorite gallant, perhaps with her first seducer; or else, that she was expecting a visit from one of the girls of the house.

Meanwhile, nothing could be finer than the sight offered to our view. One moment she would twist her legs, squeeze them together, and arch in her back; the next she would straddle wide, and display every beauty; anon, she would turn over on her belly, and move up and down on the rug, showing all her hinder beauties with great advantage.

At length the door opened, and in marched Lucy Racett.

"Well Lucy, my pet, you're coom at last, then,
I couldna ken wha had kept ye sae lang. Come here,
my bonnie lassie, and tip me the gamahuchie, for
I'm awfu randy."

"Oh, oh!" whispered M. Randall, "damme!"

• Is she not a fine woman? • said I.

• Verify account people (Tel, fax)

* How you say that! just as if you did not admire her at all. *

• Really! is not that droll! •

• Very extraordinary indeed, " put in Caloo, " seeing that all the men about town think her superb. "

• Vastly strange, said I.
• What? • retorted Mr. Randall.
• Why, that you should not admire her. •
• I did not say so. •
• Oh, what a tiresome, bantering man you are, • said I, giving him a sly pinch. • Tell me directly, do you not admire her very much? •
• Oh, tol, tol! •
• That means only a little I suppose? •
• Madam, • said Mr. Randall, and he looked me full in the face, • twas I who seduced her. •
• Whew! the murder's out now, and I can understand it all, I suppose. •
• Be so good as never to mind what you suppose, my dear Phoebe, for once in a way, but observe how these innocent lambs are disporting themselves. Let me see, this is what the French call tribade-tribadu, as we should say. One girl lies down, and opens her legs, another gets over her reversed, and then each exercices her salacious tongue upon the cunny of the other. Happy creatures! what thrills! what blissee! what inventions of delight! They enjoy it vastly, I dare say, but I suppose I'm not old enough to care for these extraordinary scenes. I'd rather have one good fuck with a fine woman, than all the peep holes in the world. Come, let us go. • I was vexed, you may be sure, at not seeing the finish between Lucy and Effie, for that would have been rather fine, both being such lecherous deviles, at whispering to Chloe, • He seduced her! • we followed him into the parlour.

Our young gallant began drinking the wine, glass after glass, very fast, and soon became exceedingly troublesome and noisy; insomuch that we were

joy when at last he fell dead drunk under the table.

It was now eleven o'clock, so, calling old Betty to help us, we lifted my gentleman up and put him to bed, having too much regard for him to let him return to his chambers in such a state.

As Chloe and I were going up to bed, we had a mind to see how matters were going on in Effie's room; we peeped in, but all was dark. She had evidently gone to bed.

Now Chloe and I slept together, and what with the fucking we had had in the early part of the evening and the scene we had witnessed between Effie and Lucy, the devil would have it that when we came to lay down in bed, we were both tormented with such an irresistible itching in a certain part, as rendered sleep altogether out of the question.

• What shall we do? • said Chloe, • shall we sing, or shall we gamahuche? •

• Oh, I'm for the gamahuche, • said I.

• With all my heart, • said Chloe.

Then she jumped out of bed and lighted two wax candles, and placed them on the commode, that we might see as well as feel each other's beauties; and coming back to me, the dear girl stooped and gave me a full view of her large and beautiful bum, her cunny, and all etceteras, upon which I soon began to feed, while she, rolling her tongue first down one side of my slit and then down the other, then on the clitoris, then right inside, gave me joy inex- presible.

After exhausting ourselves with this game for nearly an hour, we at length put out the candles and fell asleep in each others arms.

Some evenings after, having nothing particular to do, I thought I would ~~visit~~ ^{entertain} my master, and I now sit down to conclude my history with a full account of the scenes I witnessed, which I hope will edify your ladyship as much as they pleased me.

ROOM VII.

I beheld a stout, fat man, of about sixty five years of age; and standing at a respectful distance I observed the owner of the room, Mary Crocket, a pretty lively girl of fifteen.

Her person presented nothing remarkable. It was surely a plump compact little well shaped though considering her youth. But her beauty was ~~not~~ of that style seen every day.

I say she stood at a respectful distance, for the man, who by his dress was a parson, was armed with a most formidable cart whip, and when she uttered a tremendous lash whenever she came within his reach.

But here I must digress a little, to acquaint your ladyship more particularly with this reverend gentleman.

I don't know much about such people myself, but one of my gentlemen gave me his history, and from it I gathered that his reverence was formerly what I called a port wine parson — a pluralist — holding three rich livings; very fond of hunting, very fond of a pretty wench, when he could get one, and fond of the bottle; but growing old, and being stricken with paralysis in his lower limbs, he turned a devout, and, not satisfied with mortifying his body in his own proper person, he hypocritically ~~desired~~ that it behoved him to mortify the flesh of

women also, but as he could not indulge in this penchant without paying for it, the hoary old wretch demanded me ten guineas every week for permission to whip my girls all round every Wednesday evening (1).

As he could not stand on his legs, he had himself conveyed to Leicester Fields in a sedan chair. He was then lifted on a chair hung on castors, and so wheeled from room to room. He had already visited six of them, and was now arrived at the seventh.

What was very remarkable — or, rather, what was not at all so — he would have every girl stripped of her cauls, her hoods, her wimples, her round tires like the moon, her rings, her jewels, and other vanities as he called them — that is to say, they were to be quite naked, with hair flowing down their backs.

Now ~~you~~ harlot, he was saying when I peeped in, when you can come that gross of sin I have twice asked you for: *

* Yes, an' it please ye, sir, if you'll promise not to hit me. *

* Well, then, woman of perdition, I will not hit thee if thou'rt quick. * The girl made as much haste as possible, and advanced timidly. He waited till she had placed the girl on the table, and as she returned he gave three awful cuts, causing the long leather whip to wrap itself round her, and the leather striking her delicate thighs, fetched up a weal in an instant.

* * * * * sir! cried the girl, blubbering; * you * you would not do it! *

• I said I would not smite you, but if you were quick; but, inasmuch as you were slow, I said to thee. Very good it is for you to be chastised. Behold, I act to you as the Lord acteth, for we read that he chasteneth those whom he loveth. Ahem! •

The girl made no reply, but pouting out her lips, seemed annoyed, and no wonder.

• Come hither, child, • cried the wretch, trying to move his chair towards her, and shaking his whip with impotent fury. Ugh, ugh, I should like to get at thee now. I'd soon flog that dainty skin of yours, I would, ye young hussy! You ought to be ashamed of yours! If any girl has you, to give yourself up to fornication and all uncleanness! Ugh—ugh! •

Here he was seized with a fit of coughing which lasted some time, at length, wanting to spit, he told her to bring the chamber pot.

The girl supposing his cough had exhausted him, obeyed at once; but she let reprove without her last as the sayings, for the old rascal, seizing her by the arm, came needlessly after her posturings with the tip of the whip, till she was quite black and blue.

The girl screamed lustily, and at length, losing all patience, snatched the whip out of his hand, and gave him such a hearty tap on the nose, that the wretch roared with pain.

• There's old Mary, it's a rage, • that will teach you, you nasty old canting hypocritical son of a bitch, to treat poor girls in this way, you so to imbecile, psalm singing old bugger. You must be a sod mate, or you would not hit women as you do you damned old wretch! •

The old fellow was furious, and foamed at the mouth.

• Very well, my girl, very well, • said he; • wait till I tell your mistress, that's all, and I'll have you turned into the street. I will see if a person of my dignity is to be treated in this way! • and he forced his shovel hat over his eyes, fiercely.

At the sound of those dreadful words, at the reflection of what a fate she would have if turned into the streets now the winter had fairly set in, the rage of poor Mary evaporated, and bursting into tears, she humbly implored him not to be so cruel.

• Well then, • said he, rubbing his pate, on which he felt a great bump as big as a walnut, • kneel down before me on all fours, and let me last you well, and then I will pardon the offence. •

The wretched girl saw she must obey. Then he lashed her till quite out of breath, cutting her even the legs and over the bosom in a barbarous manner.

I could bear this sight no longer, so stepping into the room, I snatched the whip out of his hand, and calling him all the old villains in the world, bundled him out of the house.

I never saw the old rascal again, for he died soon after; but as he had the Sacrament administered to him, and went off in the odour of sanctity, he is doubtless now a saint in heaven!

It was quite refreshing, after witnessing this scene, to turn to that in

in his embroidered red coat, was very jolly over a bottle of wine with the lucky Sclar Maseran, a fine woman of twenty five.

I continued watching my young son of Mars for about twenty minutes. During which he had indulged two hearty fucks, and then I adjourned to the next.

ROOM IX.

Here they were at high temps. A gentleman, who was as certainly blind as I was, covered by his dress, from the hot and all his lothes, was standing in the middle of the room, and dancing, running, jumping round him, using all sorts of liberties, were some seven or eight little girls, all undressed, whose ages ranged from seven to ten.

Now, then one more bold than the rest, would advance and tug at his great stiff cock, and then off with a little scream. Then he would run after her, upsetting chairs, tables, and all that came in his way, while some of the children would run, others would tumble on them, and then they lay in a heap, all biggle biggle, little fat bums, thighs, cummies, all were jumbled up together.

Blind as I was, I could see he could not get away, and so I was in a rage, and little, for once, was I to be beaten. The girls were so bold, after the first, that I was not much to stand to the others.

When caught, she made great efforts to get away, she could not, and remained a lamb.

This girl was a new comer, and was about twelve years of age. No hair yet graced her paleing skin, and her tiny breasts were only just beginning to show themselves. The gentleman pulled off the collar, and seized either breast with his capon. He caught her up in his arms, and after kissing her in part of her, laid her on the bed, and began to explore her maidenhead.

"Untouched, by Jove!" cried he, and then commenced to gamahuche her, the other girls surrounding him, and gamahuching him and manipulating.

This over, his eyes were again baniged, and the game resumed.

In this manner he got a gamahuche three times in half an hour, the last girl he caught was probably of seven years. It was too bad, I know, but these things must be submitted to, you would have a bag of gold to pay. I stopped for a time, to consider, these sort of entertainments, and of all I considered, these for the best, and the best five. The room, twenty five feet square, contained a bed, a chair, a washstand, a washbowl, a washbottle, though not used to bathe, and from Monsieur le Due, now went to

ROOM X.

Now this was a largest stake of all, for the person I had chosen, was the most sumptuous of the first quartet, and I knew, if the virgin I had secured did not give me satisfaction, that he would present me with a hundred guineas. She was a simple country girl, who had arrived only the day before from the depths of Hampshire, and I took particular

care that none of the girls should get speech of her, for the Duke's visit.

He was caressing very gently with her when I burst into the room, and intercepting him in a very artful manner. As yet he had got no further than her bosom, if we except his taking the handkerchief, and was still kissing the fair white ladies, which exactly remained the most untouched mounds, still cold upon it, as if we were to pass. But the girl almost deeply and earnestly said to the Duke, sir, countee, doante. My missus will come otherwhile, » and other rustic expressions. But the Duke coaxed her, pit her on his lap, made her have a glass of wine, and at last, spite of her struggles, took it in his lap her clothes, and between her legs. Then he let out his magic wand, and put it in her hand. She started as if a viper had bit her, but he persevered. He told her that he was to live to have her that night; that it was necessary her to lay out, as no one would come, and went up by saying, that if she would let him have his will of her, he would make her a great lady, put her in a grand house with lots of fine clothes, etc. The usual tale, you know, usually. And so, at length, without any noise, but mainly by the force of eloquence and patience, he got her on to the bed.

Then, by degrees, he removed her clothes, she defending herself however pretty stoutly, but with little success, for in five minutes he took her off her skin, that is, stripped off her skin, and beheld her quite naked. She was a fair girl, and slender, daintily shaped, and quite without any spot or blemish. After he had kissed all

caressed her beauties for some time, he pressed upon her another glass of wine, and holding with her, drank all chamer himself. This second glass of wine got a little into her head, and wore off a trifle of her modesty, so that when he urged to kneel on the foot of the bed, she made but faint resistance. Then the Duke produced a box, and showered it on the bed fifteen or twenty new golden guineas.

« Oh my! cried the girl.

« All for you, my dear, » said he. « All for you, you'll only let me have you. »

The country girl cast a greedy look at the money, and then glanced over her shoulder at the tempter, and seeing such a sleek, smiling, embroidered gentleman, and not the devil, as she almost fancied she should, yielded a silent assent by sweeping up the gold with her hands.

In doing this, she leant a little more forwards, and thus unconsciously offered to his grace and myself an enchanting view of her most hidden charms.

Imagine, my dear madam, a squat back and shoulders of the most ivory whiteness, terminating in a singularly small waist, then making their way out from thence of a noble pair of lips, and the plumpest, whitest, and fittest shaped posterior in the world, delicately relieved by two deep dimples. These ravishing lips, owing to her position, were slightly opened, displaying all the lascivious attractions of the enchanting valley between them. A pair of plump, tight and ruddy lips, closely compressed together, was as she had to show the shape of a cherry, if I except a soft down

— shaded the upper mouth. At some distance, behind this dehorsous little mouth of Venus, I beheld the other tiny aperture, pursed up in voluptuous rosy wrinkles, highly suggestive of great contractive power, should the duke's fancy run so far back into her valley of desire.

At present however, all he seemed to think of was her virginity, so openin' the way of all ram, he carefully anointed his manly and roun' her lovely cleft. And then catchin' her in his hips, he charged in good style, but the cloth was too tight to admit the battering ram at the first, or even the second push. Besides, the girl began to get frightened, and to struggle. But the duke's blood was up, and he would not now be trifled with. At length he got in about an inch, but there he stuck, so straight was the passage. But perceiv'g his advantage, and steadily pressin' upon her spite of her cries and strug'les, with a lot of too vigorous pushes, he ravished away the last vestige of her maidenhead; at the same time, as chargin' into her a shower of love's few whips, on his drawing out, spurted all over the sheets, mixed with virgin blood.

At the sight of the blood, his grace showed the greatest satisfaction. But while rejoicing over his triumph, the girl had fainted with the pain, and lay forward on her belly, perfectly powerless.

The duke therefore seized the opportunity of exploring, and made an accurate examination of the havoc he had caused in her littleunny, he did one other wash, & close the door, to make all his effects. This night pretty soon brought his grace up to the mark again, and at 13 he went.

a bull. The same pain which had caused her to faint now roused her up again, and she began to bemoan her fate most bitterly.

But his grace having had his will, had no mind to console the blubbering wench any more; but he gave her a tremendous slap on the arse, and told her to hold her infernal noise, and mind her spinning, pushing away at her with all his might.

The girl was struck dumb with astonishment at this harshness, and could not utter a word, but only whimp'red and sobbed the more.

“ *Look, very well,* ” cried the duke, “ if you will blubber, I will give you something to cry for, ” and with drawin' his great, red, stiff, steaming cock, he drove at the other opening; and before the girl could prevent him, she had lost a second maid's head, which she never bargained for, and which made her rear out n' her with all her might.

By and bye his grace came to a stand, and being now quite sated, he damned her for a slut for making such a noise, and taking up his sword and hat, departed.

I met him on the stairs.

“ I hope the girl gave your grace satisfaction, ” said I.

“ Why yes, damme! ” answered he, “ she was a true virgin, no doubt, and here's the money I promised you. ”

He paused and then continued,

“ But I had I have enjoyed her a dounced deal better if she hadnt' blubbered the while, for to dis'gore the finest face, and besides they are only really. Hand her over to a Mel'owk or two, come and away, my dear Phoebe. After they have

'tipped her the lion' once or twice, or made her 'veat', she will be more tractable. Yes, let her have a Mohawk (1).

And so saying, his grace stop _____ and was driven off. And now, my dear madam, having given your good ladyship a sample of my ton rooms, and our proceedings here, I propose to send you some curious selections from the correspondence branch of our business.

The copies of these letters will give you a much better idea of the various leches of men than any other book, and will also prove to your ladyship that the men are lewd, the women are sometimes very suspicious.

THE
BAGNIO CORRESPONDENCE
FROM AUGUSTUS JAMES ESQ.

MADAM,

I shall be in town on Thursday, and propose to pass the evening at your house. Be pleased to have a supper and a girl ready for me at eight of the clock. You will understand, I am not big hung. A girl with a nice clear

(1) The Mohawks were a club of wild rakes, who performed their orgies in the Bagnio. See Spectator, vol. V, No 317, in which a very amusing account is given of the proceedings of this fraternity.

skin, pretty plump, and not much hair on the twat.

But though young, she must understand her work, for I hate a slug. I don't mind ten or twenty guineas for the night.

Yours, as you please me,

A. JAMES.

Fareham, Nov. 28th O. S.

—
FROM SIR FELIX FUCKINGTON, BART.

Mrs PHÆBE,

This billet is to let you know that I shall visit your Bagnio tomorrow evening at nine. I shall have one fine woman about twenty to fuck, and two or three little girls to play with, which will have been all well washed, and their hair dressed by a good coiffeur.

For the woman, I think I shall prefer E. I. — don, she's such a spanker.

F. FUCKINGTON.

November 30th, N. S.

—
FROM THE EARL OF CADLAND.

MADAM,

It is the pleasure to provide me a handsomely dressed woman, who will be at my service during the next six months.

I do not require a maid, but something fresh and agreeable.

Your obedient, humble servant,
CADLAND.

Newmarket, Monday Evening.

—
FROM THE EARL OF BOSTON.

The Earl of Boston presents his compliments to Mrs. Phœbe Kissagen, and will feel obliged by her providing an entertainment for him on Monday night, with a handsome supper. The Earl begs to remind Mrs. Kissagen that he does not fancy very hairy or very big women; two or three witty, nice looking girls, who understand the gamahuche, and can sing good songs, will be quite satisfactory.

The expense is of no consequence.

To Mrs. Phœbe Kissagen,
2, Leicester Fields.

Boston House, Dec^r 14th.

—
FROM SIR HARCOURT WARING, BART.

MADAM,

Find me a nice little girl, about twelve years old, by Tuesday evening. She must be very fair, and well made; slender, but plump; one whose breast have grown a little would be preferred. She must

be up to the mark, and not too shy. The usual cheque will be ready.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient, humble servant
H. WARING.
Foxcover Hall, Dec^r 16th.

—
FROM MONSIEUR LE DUC DE BELLAIRE.
MADAM,

S'il vous plait, I will pay you another visit on Tuesday night, ven l'Opéra to find Mademoiselle Lucy disengaged. Mais madame, trez huit livres guineas is too much to pay every time, so please to name your price.

Accept, Madam, my most perfect consideration,

LE DUC DE BELLAIRE.
A Madam,

Madam Phœbe de Kissagen.
Dec^r 20th.

—
FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF YORK.

Have my room and girl ready on Wednesday,
YORK.

—
FROM DR' MOONEY.
MY DEAR PHŒBE,

I have several little physiological experiments to make, and shall require for the purpose, one full

grown girl and two or three little ones. After I have finished, I shall have much pleasure in supping with you and the pretty Chloe. Tomorrow evening at ten.

Yours entirely,
F. MOONEY.

Brook St, Thursday Evening.

FROM ADMIRAL LORD SODDINGTON.

Old Girl,

I've just come off a cruise, and am hard up for a fuck, so let that great randy wench Effie know I'm going to bear down upon her, and give her a broadside.

You know I like to see a tight frigate well dressed at idl'ning; so run up her colours, and rig out her topgallants, get a good supper aboard, and bear i hand you lubber.

Your old tar,
SODDINGTON.

H. M. S. Snapper, Spithead, Decr 17th.

FROM LORD HOMERTON.

Being vastly enui here, I have resolved to come up to town for a few days till Christmas, and shd like to amuse myself with two or three of your girls.

But they must be fresh, and not too forward; I hate an impudent wench. Be good enough to see that their smocks and persons are clean. You can

bring them to my house in Cavendish Square tomorrow evening. — I will let you know when you — You know my taste, so I need not say more.

Yours faithfully,
HOMERTON

Crocket Hall, Decr 19th.

FROM THE LADY EMILIA STANLEY.

My Dear Mrs KISSAGEN,

My husband has not been able to perform conjugal duty to night; so if you have among your maid-servants a fine lusty young fellow who can satisfy me, do put me in the way of enjoying all its pleasure, for I am parched with thirst.

Pray write by return of post.

Your loving friend,
EMILIA STANLEY.

Berford St. Mayfair

FROM LADY POKINGHAM.

MADAM,

Have the room ready on Tuesday, and the gentleman I spoke to you about will meet me there at twelve, after the opera.

Your obedient, humble servant,
H. POKINGHAM.

Mrs H. POKINGHAM,
C. P. F.

From His Highness Rajah-un-Rum Sucham Jun.
jan Bhalo r.

If the pretty Bheebe Sahib who to me did give
too mo h plesur ven I pass night, and I do do ricee
fucked business at your cus-be at crone, I sull to-
mor gone and seen heer, mam; so hab all de ting
reedee.

I too moch plenty mooney bringee.

FROM M^r HEZERIAH BIRCHEM.

DEAR PHOEBE,

The spirit moveth me to go into one of thy hand-
maidens, and yet, I think I shold prefer thy friend
Chloe, if thou wilt first strip my evil, passions
with thy urch rod. Have thy cold cream ready
as I anoint the dear harl's delightful arsehole be-
fore we commence, as thou knowest the devil al-
ways tempts me that way.

Thou must also provide thyself with a dilloe,
not to large and well greased, so that I must sodom-
ise me; as I do Chloe, do thou unto me. Please
my evil concupiscence and any money thou thinkest
fit shall be paid.

From thy friend,

H. BIRCHEM.

Threadneedle St, City
22 of 12 month.

Now I think, my lady, I have given you a pretty
fair sample, and as this has been a most outrage-

ously long letter, I will now make an end by remai-
ning, as in duty bound,

My Lady,

Your ladyship's most obedient
Humble servant to command,

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

Leicester Fields, Feby 13 th.

LETTER V.

In which a curious narrative is given of the
adventures of a Lusus Naturae, a species of gay
Lothario very welcome to the ladies

FROM LADY LESBIA GOWER TO PHOEBE.

I am truly rejoiced, my dear Phoebe, to find that
you are settled so much to your satisfaction, and
shall soon pay you a visit. In the meantime I must
relate to you a most amusing adventure I have
had.

I was lately on a visit to that dear cousin of mine,
the pious Countess of Boston, who, I will tell you,
is quite a saint in her way, and idolized by all the
starched evangelical party.

No one is more prompt with their subscriptions to
missionary societies, or more frequently seen at
church than my Lady Boston. She is a patroness of
half a dozen associations for the administration of

St. Paulins rest to the poor of Sunday school is, to the last hour, the most fervent and zealous at other places, as is clearly seen by A. A. G. The time will be a period of some time, the school will be closed Saturday for the last time, and the children will be released from all

So it was so she could a little girl, and as she grew up she could not get away from her mother's eyes. She was a good girl, as this afternoons.

the students of the school, and
the school was filled with the voices of
the children. She is to be congratulated with
the other mothers. I have not had a call for
the school, but I am fully satisfied with the
success of the school. I have you to thank for
the success of the school.

We have done this, this little boy is the very
only I did not let go. And when
I was going there and I was going back these
things did I say to the people who
Cleve and Chester, the two of them
and I, we had a talk, all the time
I have's still the boy. It's still the boy
but these two are the ones that have
is the right topic for boy. The two of them
and I was in the room, and I was
talking to the two of them, and I was

It was a joy to see how the little ones did
time at the school - playing in the yard
with wheel, hula-hoops, balloons, and enjoyed
the devotion and love of him. I wish it more,
by the way, they seemed to stand in considerable
awe.

I resolved to watch them narrowly and if possible, set a trap, done when they came, and one was in the way. A few days afterwards the old mare occurred.

At the first, Lady B. and I were not intent on going down to Headlins, but when some three months in Redbury Park, and she asked if I would go to Headlins, her first time out there, we were to comply with some people there who were ill, I declined, making an excuse that I had promised to call on Mr. William and Lady Netteridge at Headlins.

"Well then, my dear, I send my regards. You shall have the pony chaise, for my carriage is under repair.

"But, sir, how will you get to Hazeltown then?"

"On," she replied, "Mr. Cantwell is to call for me and carry me there in his carriage, so do not be uneasy on my account. I shall take the call dress today, for Mr. Cantwell does not like cold dresses."

The climate suited me exactly. Soon after my arrival, one Lord of the House,

What it was, I really I don't know, but I would go and see if the children were at it, or if I had any of them in the stable. I saw one, and I saw myself as well as I could amidst the

shrubs and trees, approached at length within earshot. They were seated hand in hand beneath the wide spreading branches of a noble beech tree. I listened.

“ My darling Julia, ” the boy was saying, “ what a lucky chance is this. We shall have all the morning to amuse ourselves. Aunty (they always called my cousin aunt) going to Helzettown, and Lady Gower to see those odious old Nettletrees.

“ Capital! ” cried Julia, and then throwing her arms round his neck, “ Oh, you sweetest, sweetest boy, how happy we shall be! ”

“ But, ” said the boy, thoughtfully, “ where shall we pass our morning? Not here, of course. We can be seen from all the windows. ”

“ And not indoors either, with the chance of being discovered by the servants, ” added Julia.

“ No, ” said the boy, “ I'll tell you where it shall be. You know that large old hollow oak in the glen at the southern end of the park, where the underwood is so entangled, and where nobody ever goes since the earl died. I don't know why, but so it is, and there we can enjoy ourselves in private, ” and he gave the little girl a loving kiss.

I had learnt all I wanted to know, and hastened back to the house. The children seeing me get into the chaise, ran up.

“ Good-bye for the present, my dears, ” said I, “ do not get into the chaise. I shall be back to dinner, father, ” and I shook my hand; the mettlesome pones dashed rapidly down the avenue, and the children, after watching the chaise till a warning in the drove her it from their view, turned it to the house. I still watched the entrance through the trees, but

soon lost sight of it, and in another minute had passed the park gates. I drove myself, and had not taken the groom with me, so that once out of the demesne, I went direct for the point where I knew they would soon arrive.

The country all round the park was very wild and well wooded, so that I had no difficulty in finding a coppice wherein to conceal the pony chaise. I turned off the road, and making the reins fast to the branch of an oak, left the animals to graze, while I examined the park palings for an opening through which I could squeeze myself. At length I came to a spot where two or three of the planks had been torn down, and entering through the aperture, had just time to conceal myself in a thick bush, when my young lovers appeared. With their arms around each other's waists, they approached the old oak, and entering the hollow bark, seated themselves side by side on the mossy turf, with which the natural chamber was carpeted.

“ This is bliss indeed! ” cried the boy, as with one hand up Julia's clothes, he kissed her eyes, her mouth, and her neck. “ Oh, happy hour! Then he unfastened his breeches, and to hold out splutter, not the funny little thing I expected to see, but a full grown, stiff, and erect prick of noble proportions.

This little fellow, this child of twelve, with his innocent girlish face, had all the essential attributes of the most stalwart manhood!

No sooner did Julia see this noble staff than she jumped up, and caressing it with rapture, she at length took it between her rosy lips. While he, excited to the highest pitch of ecstasy, tossed up

that he could have a full view of all her charms, & amahuched her likewise.

I never saw in all my life but one, & it could
not be a better specimen. It was a
handsome, well-constructed animal, with
plushy coat, & long, thick tail, & the
tail was very bushy. It had a very
strong, long, hairless tail, & a
small, and tiny foot! and you may form some very
slight notion of the perfections of the animal.

They continued to divert themselves in this manner for the greater part of the day, but at length Léon, for that was the name of the boy, he could stand it no longer, and rising he approached her on his back, and assisted by her beautiful hands, began to force his great cock into her. At the first stroke it was so such a violent fit that the girl is at the same time was stung to the bone, but the pain was so great, and the cock so well lodged that she could not spasm, but by degrees she became used to it — welcomed her old acquaintance, and felt sick him in until the whole length of that enormous yard disappeared in her.

The only part seen was the
wings, which were
perfectly white, and
the rest of the body was
dark brown, having white flesh, met

A waist of singular smallness and roundness, bulging hips and posteriors which any woman might envy. And then the two dimples on either side of the loins, how deeptiley were ! How luscious ! Perfect ~~l~~ honey-cups ! And then his thighs, how ~~l~~ health and youth; how ~~l~~ how ~~l~~ other delectable !

Now who would have thought those globes of snow! Nor was there a vestige of it on his mous in front. With the exception of the extraordinary development of his prick, he bore in every part of him the delicate softness of a child.

Strange freak of nature to see it here as per
CITY!

But he never drew out; in five minutes the scene was enacted over again, and this time rather longer. At length, when it was over, young creatures sat down side by side, and each others necks. Then it was another discovery, which filled me with astonishment as the first.

which when erect was of such extraordinarily fine proportions in its quiescent state, shrank up into the ordinary size of any other little boy's cock. Nor was there any wrinkling of the skin. It was a neat, compact little organ, with the foreskin well drawn over it's scutum. So that unless exaded, no person, not even my experienced cousin Lady B, who, as you know, has had her gay days, could possibly imagine or believe of what that innocent little off' it was capable.

While I was pondering all these things in my mind, the sly fellow took it in her hand, and lo ! prest ! out it shot like a ~~rod~~ from its shell, or rather, to give you a noble simile, like a roaring lion from his lair ; and, like ~~the~~ Lovel's bear, it grew, and it grew, till it could grow no higher. Bonk ! bang ! up it unclung against his smooth white belly, and lo ! the little man was again ready for action.

He perfectly understood his business, the sly rogue for making her kneel up, he now let her enlevrette, spinning out his pleasure, ever and anon stopping for awhile, then going on again.

He was so long, indeed, that I looked at my watch, and seeing it was near turned of twelve o'clock, I except from my hasty place, and regaining the pony once more, I turned it into the road, and riding the way with vigor, in twenty minutes I found myself at the Nettletop's mansion.

Most luckily, they were gone out, so leaving a car, I drove off at speed until within a mile of Rosewood Park, when I allowed the pony to breathe and approached the gates at a leisurely pace.

As I drove up the avenue, I gazed up at the house with curious eyes, wondering if my young culprits would come out to meet me.

« Oh, there they are, I declare, » I exclaimed, as I saw them advance under the portico with the most perfect sang froid in the world, looking as innocent and lovely as two angels.

Sweet creatures ! dear intriguing lambel who would not have admired such duplicity ? I must confess they rose immeasurably in my estimation.

« I must enjoy that boy ; I must have that girl to gamahuche me ! » I murmured to myself, as I drove over the last hundred yards of gravel. And you know, Phebe, that when I make a resolution, I never fail to keep it. The ponies were covered with sweat, and John, who held their heads while I alighted, looked rather glum at the work I had made for him.

« Your ponies do not have enough exercise, John, » said I, « see what a foam they are in with a short drive. Give them more work, man ! »

« Well, my lady, » said John, ruefully, « they are mucked about a bit, that's sartan ; but ladies be so mighty heavy with the whip. »

« Well, well, John, never mind, » said I, laughing ; « here, take this crown and dr. a my health. »

The crown smoothed down the ruffled bristles of honest John, and jumping into the chaise, he drove off to the stables.

Now it chanced that the bed room I occupied was next to that in which reposed the beauteous Julia — the fireplace of my apartment backing the fire-place of hers. The architect of the house being

good worthy man, of an honest, true, & man
trived in the double recess — that is to say the
recess on the left hand side, formed by laying place
and the counterpart or her — bath room, ingress
to which was only a door in my chamber, and
a corresponding door in her's with bolts inside.

Thus, this one bath room could be used by the
tenant of either room, only if both chambers had
occupants, it was necessary that they should either
bathe together, or agree to take their turn alternately.
This bath room was lighted over a window
placed rather high up.

Having made up my mind how to act, and of
course never breathing a word to Lady B. on her
return home of what I had seen, I was on the watch
early the next morning, listening for the splashing
which announced that little Julia was performing
her ablutions. At a seven of the clock I heard the
water run to & run on her side ever gently, & so in
the splashing began. I crept out of bed, and stealing
to the opposite door, tried to open it. The little
pass had made all fast.

* Undo the bolt, Julia, my love, * said I, in a
subdued voice; * I am going out early this morn-
ing and cannot wait to take my bath at the usual
hour, so let me come and share it with you. *

* Y-e-yes, my lady! I — I — I will open the door
directly, * ejaculated Julia from within, & appar-
ently much down in confusion. I waited and
listened, the water, on the scuttle was opened,
then I heard a second glass set there — to come
on the wash, and — and — it then — a ray of light
came in. I was just in time to see Master Evelyn I
dined after his peril is descent. The bolt was to

move, and I sprang back to the bath room door.
It opened, and I was struck before me, her middle
wraps round with her chemise.

* I didn't like to tell you till I had put something
round me, * said the maid (*). This sang song-
ously. * You know, my dear Lady Gower, I have
not known you long, and I felt ashamed that you
should see me quite naked. *

* Silly child! * I exclaimed, laughing; * what is
there so terrible in me, one of your own sex, that
you should feel ashamed? *

She hung down her head.

* Look, * said I, * I am not ashamed, * and I
draw my night gown over my head. As I did so
I became aware that she regarded with astonish-
ment the curly ornament which sprouted on my
metes veneris. She did not take her eyes off me.

* Ah, ha! I see you are surprised at these curls, *
said I, playfully patting her cheek, * when you
are a woman, you will have the same ornament,
my dear. *

* You don't say so, my lady? *

* Oh, but it is true. *

* How very odd! *

* Not at all; 'tis you who are odd to doubt it. *

* Really! *

* It is a fact. *

By this time I had laid myself down in the water,
& with gentle force had pulled off the chemise of
the little girl. After caressing her for some time,
I said.

* Do you know, my love, you are a very beauti-
ful little creature? And you will make the men's
hearts ache some day. *

She opened wide her beautiful eyes, and looked at me with a most charming air of surprise and wonder — as if she could not possibly imagine what I meant.

“ Come, come, Julia, ” I exclaimed, as having got out of the bath we were rubbing each other down with the towels, “ do not think to deceive me, you know what love is very well; all the trouble looks you put on, and you’re very well.”

“ My lady, ” I said, “ I’m as pale as death.”

“ You are deeply in love with that boy, Evelyn. ”

“ Madam! ”

“ Oh, I know all about it, now tell me if I go wrong, but listen; yesterday you passed upwards of two hours with him in the hollow oak. He embraced you as ardent lovers only know how, three times. He is a precocious boy, and has all the attributes of manhood. Am I correct, my dear? is this not all true? ”

Julia, pale as a statue, eyed me from head to foot with an expression of the utmost terror.

“ Moreover, ” I went on, “ your lover has been with you this morning, perhaps was with you all night, and escaped by the window when I tried the bath room door; is it not so? ”

The poor child sank on her knees.

“ Is not all this true? ” I repeated.

“ Ah! yes, yes; it is true, dear Lady Gower, how you could find it out I cannot tell; but oh, you will not be so cruel as to tell my lady! ”

“ Nonsense, my dear child, ” I cried, “ I do not suppose I am such a fool as to do that; and then, as I know your secret, you must do something to oblige me. ”

“ Anything, dear Lady Gower, everything that is in my power I will do; you have only to command. ”

“ First of all, then, my little pet, come and give me a kiss. ” She sprang into my arms, naked as we were, and we sat down on the bed. ”

“ Ah! my dear Julia, I cannot express to you how delighted I was with the oak scene. Your lover is indeed a fine fellow. Heigh ho! I wish I had such a one. ”

“ You, my lady? ”

“ Yes, I myself. ”

“ Do persons of quality then indulge in intrigues? ”

“ Indeed they do, my dear; and are as fond of the thing as other people. ”

“ Really! I had no idea of it. ”

“ To prove to you that they are, I will show you how women play together. ”

I had all this time been playing with her tiny pointed breasts, and smoothing her polished limbs and bottom. I now slipped my finger into her pouting cunny, and putting her hand upon my brush, I thrust my tongue into her mouth, and entwined my limbs around her girlish figure. She looked very much surprised, but seemed intuitively to fall into my wishes; first she began to comb the dark hair on my mons veneris with her fingers, then her hand slid further down, she grasped and squeezed the lips, then, after exploring all round, she finished by thrusting up her finger, and frigging me in good earnest. Meanwhile, I was also manipulating her, and with such success, that she soon began to scream. Then I threw myself back on the bed, and she straddle over me in a reverse position, I

gamahuched her with fury, while she performed the same delicious office for me. After we had thus kissed, fri^{ed}, gamahuched, and played for near an hour, we proceeded to dress ourselves.

"Now, my dear child," said I, "I find you are to look upon me as a friend and ally. Only there is one condition I must stipulate for—you must share Evelyn with me. But you need not say anything to him at present, I wish to have him in my own way."

Poor little Julia did not appear to relish this part of the stipulation very much. She saw before her a beautiful woman in the prime of life, who was doubt well skilled in the art of pleasing, and her poor little heart fluttered lest I should alienate her lover from her less ripe charms. I had, however, no intention of doing this.

The next day I took little Evelyn out for a walk with me. Whenever we came to a stile, I took care to let him have a good peep at my legs, while appearing most careful to conceal them. I saw his eyes flash each time he caught a glimpse, and sometimes in his breeches bulged out enormously.

Having reached a very retired, lonely, rustic dell and seated myself on the grass, "Oh, dear, how hot I am!" said I, fanning myself, and pretending to put down my clothes, but in reality so all the time as I drew up my knees, that the boy could see my thighs and all I had good between them.

• Why, Evey dear, how silly of you to ~~still~~ stick great apples into your breeches pockets (and I put my hand ~~on~~ the place); you will spoil the set of them. •

Evelyn blushed up to his eyes.

"Come, give me one of your apples, or pears, or whatever they are, for I am thirsty," and before he could prevent me, I thrust my hand into his pocket. "Oh, dear," said I, "it is empty; let me feel the other side."

But Evelyn declared he had nothing in the other pocket either, and that, as for the bunch, it was nothing but his shirt, which had got twisted up.

Nay, said I, laughing, "if that is all I'll soon make it comfortable for you."

At length I could see he could prevent me, I had hold of his essentials in an instant.

"All rucked up, is'nt it, dear?" said I, frigging and f---ing his noble prick, and casting upon him the most lascivious looks, full of desire.

" You silly boy ! Why, you are quite a man, I declare."

The boy looked shy and awkward, and blushing
furiously, said never a word.

"On, you darling boy, I must have you, that's all I want!" I exclaimed, covering him with kisses, while he quaked in mind, then opening wide my thighs, I drew him towards me. His noble steed entered the portal, and joy unutterable took possession of my frame. I threw first one leg, then the other, across his loins. I smacked his lascivious bottom, I tickled and frigged it, I licked his face, and put my tongue in his mouth; I played with his balls, I hugged him, I bounded, I was mad with desire.

As for the boy, he made much the same demands. My experienced fucking with something
had him. He declared I drew his cock
out of his body.

When all was over, I coolly asked him which was the best playfellow at that game, Julia or myself?"

The boy started, and turned very pale.

"What! — what do you know about Julia?" he asked.

I repeated to him all I had told his little sweet heart.

"But how can you know all that, Lady Gower,
who told you?"

• Oh, nobody told me. •

• Then how could you find it out? •

• Cardiac Ultrasound

• It is very expensive, said the boy.

that al., 1998) without myself.

• You, my lady ! •

"I myself. I was hid in that dense copse near the tree, and saw everything. -

Then you never went to the Nettletops after

Oh, but I did, thought.

• What are the main problems in the region?

"Go to, silly boy! and I, I hope, say kissin' him, & you need not mind me. I shall never tell, and as far as I'm concerned, I'll let you and him to other, and you leave us such meet every night in my room, and we will talk day to other. I know your dad does not let you have a son, or fruit of his loins, but you can see me at night, and you shall have a nice son, please—you and Julia."

He will have enlarged his mind, but more

some one might come, I rose from the sofa and promising him as much as he could desire to enjoy, I took his hand, and we returned to the room.

I cannot express to you, my dear [unclear], how impatient I was for nigh a month [unclear] the former days, not even for a lad as Charles [unclear] had ever given me half the pleasure I have ex-
perienced with this lad.

It was arranged that he should be in the bath room with me, instead of by the side of the bed chamber which is situated in another wing of the manor. We will have more time to talk in many corridors and stairs, and in the garden in a house so full of prying domestics.

The children always went to bed at nine, and often I also took my chamber candle.

I had not been five minutes in my room, when two gentle ~~ladies~~ at the bottom of the stairs called me, that my little children were waiting, for me. In a minute more, I had ~~time~~ to throw on my clothes, while they remained themselves in the wind and frost.

and fruit.
Now, my dears, " said I, as I fastened the door
let us go to bed now; but first let me
ask you both, have you locked your doors, to prevent any one discovering you are not in your
rooms?"

They both replied in the affirmative, and one of them also said that he used to like to appear as if they had been shipwrecked now for the past

"That is very well," said I, "now for the grammar."

Scritti

Having stripped yourselves quite naked, no

Julie, will be on the bed, while you, Evelyn, will task her in that room. I shall sit down in this armchair, to see the performance.

SCENE II.

Julia will kneel upon all fours on the bed, I shall kneel behind her and fric her with my clitoris, while Julia kneels behind and fucks me.

SCENE III.

After sponging ourselves, we shall commence the
gamahueche. I will extend myself
or the like, Evelyn will straddle over me, presenting
his posterior charms, and you, Julia, will also get
over me a little lower down and gamahueche me,
while Evelyn does the same for you.

SCENE IV.

We will all get into bed together, and I frig, toy and play with you all day when you will both say good night, and never go to your rooms.

This morning I paid a visit to your rooms, we at one o'clock
left. I sat extended on her back, she took other
heavy loads, displaying to a wonderful all her front
beauties. As we went on, and I was at her in a
moment, while I sat on the show top, with a
portion of the race of the red surveyor the vehicle
was 108 ft. long.

I had the most distinct view of all the most secret
borders of the boy's boy, and with him with
delight hung out with, r'ch headed stall now down
nearly out of little Julia's rosy, bud in a cavity,
now thrust him down. At every thrust, those
white robes of his to model with their own voice,

her plumpness, and her noble bulk, struck her pretty little son with awe; and I struck at every push, however, too timid to look now, spread over his less bent exultation, to every lamento, while kisses, love-bites and every outragious titillation enhanced the bewitching beauty of the scene.

the scene. While these lovers sported themselves, I amned myself with a look, and with reason in the most wile of manner, than I could learn for word, no feel that great prick, as it slid in and out, than I would lay with his balls, and press his great breasts and this is often done with great force to give him great pleasure. At last the couple came and ended scene one.

came and ended scene one.

As soon as they had recovered themselves a little, Julia jumped up, and giving me a loving kiss, placed herself on all fours. My lotion, which was very stiff and thick as my thumb, protruded out at least three inches. I lay behind her, and clasping the lower hips, I caught a little rose bird, just visible between the cheeks, of her exquisitely formed little bum.

With a kiss and grasping my bubb-

Laely now got behind me, and grasping my bubbles, drove his stalwart cock into my cunny; at every thrust he gave, his belly went bang, bang, exactly like little sticks, causing them to quiver and tremble, in which strokes, then he would lay himself down, say what I like, and kiss my shoulders with unction.

It was a most tedious scene, and was prolonged for some time, till Julia (whose cunny I had been fingering with my hands) exclaimed, "All the same! Oh, delightful bliss! A-

• Ah-ah ! I'm coming ! Oh, delightful ...

ah! I-o-y! Oh-oh! ur-r-r-r! * and her head drooped on the pillow while I with drew my hand, drawn red with the veins in dew.

Almost at the same moment Evelyn, who had been the first with great rapidity, as became to give tongue,

* Oh, my darling lady! U-r-r! sweet creature,
this is bl-bl-, ss, bliss in-deed! Hah! *

He spent into the a warm, comforting summer shower.

My own el-rax just then meeting his, we spent
together, and I, falling fixed on the Lenore, is
form of Julia, I've trained - transmuted into the
sever'al hours of utility, in sight I have, before
my eyes, I see not like in mortal art, -
so it abounds with the loveliest and most fragrant flow-
ers, I've seen, front him - from the trees on every
side, and Irving pricks with gorgeous wings, it alien-
ated from branch to branch, even on neural, clinging
upon the lovely garden nymph, and continuing to
the g'dly love, - *Hang it* mind the celebrated pic-
ture of the "Love Birds" by Kahlbach

This beautiful vision so entangled me that I lay still for some minutes. It was a dream, it was perfect; I scarce never shall I forget that blissful swoon. What a wonderful thing is sensual delight! All the graces of the gods preside over me!

We now went into the bath and refreshed ourselves, for the crowning joys of the sun had been so well deserved, looked when we entered from the cold fresh water.

We were all three melting with voluntary sacrifice.

sations, and I flung myself back on the bed, with an abandon that was ready for anything.

Soon I felt the delicious flesh of the beauteous boy
over me, - I lay back, but I had white as in
ivory ruler, was before me, I seized on its delicate
head with my lips, I nestled my face between those
ravishing hills of animated snow. I opened wide
my lips, - I caught it the mable I the tongue of
the swan, - but I have added my other's name
placed in front of me, -

Now, I've no objection to taking her little sunny
mornings off, he said, and I promised her,
that the sweet creature would have them with the
pleasure that I really could show all about.
But one cannot be entirely happy in this world,
as poor Sir Charles was wont to say, for in a short
quarter of an hour our chums came. Evelyn spent
in my mouth, Julia on his tongue, and I on hers! —
and here ended scene the third.

We now got into bed, hugging and kissing each other. I was playing with Ed's now reduced and miniature penis, when suddenly I thought he seemed to strike him, and it grew rapidly in my hand.

What is it, my dearest boy? said I.
He placed his ~~hand~~ across my ear, and whispered
that he should like to fuck my breasts.

No sooner said than 'done.' I squeezed them together hard, and insinuating his yard forwards for some minutes, I left him to his kind, when suddenly, jet! jet! out shot his juice and deluged my neck all over!

This was the dusk, and all of us feeling much fatigued with our sports, Julia went to bed, Evelyn

made his exit by the window, and I, after a good ablution, put on a clean bedgown and retired to rest, just as the stable clock chimed the hour of midnight.

But this letter has been much too long for your patience, my dear Phoebe, so adieu.

Your loving friend,
LESBIA

LETTER VI.

In which the story of the *Lusus Naturae* is concluded, showing how a Saint, being tempted of the Devil in the form of an Angel of Light became a sinner

FROM LADY LESBIA GOWER TO PHOEBE.

Since I penned my last billet, my dear Phoebe, the Devil has made a fine conversion in this place.

For more than a fortnight, I lightly entertained my young visitors, no one in the house, save us three, having the slightest idea of what was going on.

At length one unlucky morning, just as Master Evelyn was coming down by the grape vine, about five in the morning, who should see him but the gardener. (I must tell you, though, that we had passed a most delicious night, but had unfortunately all fallen asleep in each other's arms, and did not wake till that hour).

To resume. The gardener saw him. Now this

fellow — a green eyed, red-headed Scotchman, was jealous of his fruit. Starched Presbyterian was written in every line of his wizened visage, and he was ill-natured as he was ugly. "Very well, Master Evelyn, " cried he, " very well, sir! I'll tak care my leddy is made to ken o' your doings; gettang up at five o'clock to st'il the grapes. A'weel! A'weel! it's an awfu' sinful world!"

The boy only laughed at this tirade, and snapping his fingers in the face of Mr. Macdoodle, ran away.

My cousin, Lady B, appeared awfully solemn when she entered the breakfast room, and gravely saluting Julia and myself, never noticed poor Evelyn. She read prayers with a deeper conventional twang than usual, and as soon as they were over, and the servants retired, the storm burst forth.

"I am excessively annoyed and displeased with you, Evelyn, " the good lady began; " I hoped that the deeply religious training you had undergone in this house, would have produced better fruits. What! you, who I am bringing up to be a gentleman, demean yourself by being a thief! Fie! I am ashamed of you. To get up at five in the morning and like a stable boy, to climb my grape vine, at the peril of your life, to steal my grapes! Naughty, naughty boy! What do you think, sir, will become of your soul? There! " continued my cousin, getting herself up, " never look at me in that smiling manner. I will give you something to laugh for, I promise you!"

Here I ventured to intercede for my favorite. I told her he was young, that after all, it was a boy's frolic, and that it was more for the fun of the

thing than for the grapes, as they were not near ripe yet.

But all would not do; he must be flogged, she said, and that it might be well done, she would do it herself.

The meal over, she led the poor boy to a room at the top of the house, and seeing that I and Julia were about to accompany her, she stopped us. "As for you, Julia, I am surprised that you should think of coming. It would be highly improper for a young lady of your age to see a naked boy, but you, cousin, can help me to hold his legs, so do you come if you please."

As soon as we reached the attic, Lady B. made Evelyn lean across an old table, and fastening his hands to the legs of it, in full breeches and pulled them down to his ankles; then begging of me to hold his legs fast, which I did with much regret, she drew a formidable birch from a closet, and, after another jabot on the heinousness of his offence, commenced laying on without mercy.

At first the poor lad roared out most lustily, but after the first dozen cuts he became quiet, and turning his head round to me, on the opposite side from where Lady B. was standing, I saw the rogue was laughing. His innocent little cock began to swell, and soon stood out in its nobles proportions. I saw my cousin glance at it, first with a look of amazement, then of visible pleasure; she turned red and pale by turns, then relaxed her blows, and finally stopped altogether.

"Thank you, cousin," said she, "do not let me detain you longer, however, I want to talk privately to this bad boy. I shall be down stairs soon."

I shut the door behind me and went down the first flight of stairs with a noise, then slipping off my shoes, I ran in, taking two steps at a time. When I got through the key hole I observed Lady B. had unfastened Evelyn's bonds, and was sitting in a chair with Evelyn under her lap, one arm was round his waist, while the other grasped his stiff cock!

"I am sorry, my dear boy," she was saying, "I am sorry I bit you so hard, but you will not do so any more, will you?" (Chafing his prick.)

"No aunty, indeed I won't," answered the boy demurely.

"And how long is it, my dear, since your little thing took to swelling in this extraordinary manner?"

"Ever since I was seven years old," answered Evelyn, "a nursemaid my mother had used to sleep with me and they wash it every night, and so it began to grow, until it gets sometimes as big as you see."

"Extraordinary!" cried Lady B., trembling all over, "and what else used the naughty nursemaid to do?"

"Why, she used to throw me on her belly, and put it into the place between her legs."

"And you liked that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I've no doubt indeed," said the little rogue, with an arch smile. I saw the saint was thawing fast, and was exceedingly amused.

"Suppose I was to let you do that to me," hoarsely whispered the saint, as we went, squeezing her legs together, "should you like it?"

“ Oh, my aunty, of all things, — I wonder the boy.

“ Well then, we will, my darling, but mark you must not tell. *

“ I tell! oh, never! never! *

Then my cousin drew up her clothes, raising her sleeves in anger, but then showed me that beauteous coat, with its ten yards of lace hem and ruffles down in, they were so stiff, and heaving with all the fervor of love. Then she made him repeat the scene, as she was satisfied, and then, and not till then, did he allow him to fasten up his small clothes.

“ Now Evelyn, ” said she, “ you have only to be prudent and cautious, and come and see me sometimes in my bed room at night, and your fortune's made, in future you shall do just as you like. You shall have a house to live and plenty of money, fruit, wine, and anything you please. The London gardener I will send away, and you shall be perfectly happy. I thought, ” said the trait woman, passing her hand across her heated brow, “ that these passions were extinguished in me for ever, but God's will be done (). I see I am only a sinner after all, when I thought myself a saint ! ”

“ All right, aunty, ” said we shall go up to town, and go to the opera, and the play, and I shall have a particular suit, and plumed hat and sword, said I, smiling.

“ Bless the boy, how he does run up, ” said Ida B., closing her eyes. “ Ida, ” said we, “ we must be soap here at dinner. Oho! ”

I sat down to eat, and I was in my stockings, genteel to my room. Here I found J. and a box of

very unhappy, but looking the door I quickly answered her, a relation of I had seen an hour, to her inexpressible surprise.

“ The fact is, my dear Julia, ” said I laughing, “ I knew your aunty, as you may suppose, being her cousin, many years ago, when she was quite young, long before she became a lady, and I assure you, I can never recall an intricate name. I should think it had fifty syllables had her at different times, poor old horrid woman, with the old earl, whose title she now bears. But at the marriage she was as all else very correct and proper. But that which is real in the blood — it not long be kept down by the spirit. So the saint is become a sinner again, as I have just seen and heard. ”

“ I only hope, ” said Julia, “ that she won't engross Evelyn all to herself. ”

“ Oh, never fear, ” I answered laughing, “ 'tis a lad of spirit, and having her in his power, he will take care she doesn't take him in his other little affairs of love, you may depend. ”

“ Then you think this is rather a fortunate occurrence? ”

“ That I do, indeed, ” said I. “ But, my dear little girl, do pray can't believe me a little, I am so excited with what I have seen, that I can hardly enter into my life. ”

Just at the height of narration, we heard a shot from the gun, and I immediately ran to the door, and I sprang to the door. It was Evelyn, armed with a pistol, and she had shot round the corner, and was about to knock over his cloistering. I was not like a conqueror.

“ I congratulate you, Evelyn, ” said I.

• How ! you congratulate me ?

• Ma foi ! yes. You played your part to perfection. *

• Played my part ! * said the cunning fox, what ? how ? I don't understand. *

• The queen ! the key is truelry itself, * and I have laid hold on it.

• Then the queen take me if I know what you ladylike means *

• No nonsense, Evelyn, I was looking through the key hole *

• Whoa ! * exclaimed the young rascal, making a droll face. * You were peeping, Lady Gower, were you ? then I have done. *

The dear boy caught me in his arms; and bussed me, while little Juna, looking rather jealous, put up her pretty face for one also.

My cousin, after this adventure, gradually returned to her old joyful life, drawing off from her sanctured friends one by one, she at length got rid of them all. But it became evident to her that she must also purge her house of all her serious visitors, * for there seemed a mutiny brewing, in consequence of the altered state of things. No prayers, or prayer meetings, but lots of filling-fêtes, châtaignes, and such like. I therefore hastened to return my visit, by coming back with me to London.

* You know, my dear Thalia, * said I, * my house in Cavendish square is large enough to hold you all. I am like you, however, with no one to control my actions, and we shall be free to enjoy ourselves and live over again with these young creatures, the voluptuous sort of life we — the

joyed before matrimony cast over us the veil of starched propriety *

* But my dear Lesbia, how about my thirteen servants here ? *

* Well, if you take my advice, cousin, you will shut this nasty old place, with its long towers, gables, and gloomy mulberry-walks, downy corridors, etc., shut it up, my dear Tadde, please old John and his wife in chariot boxes, pay up the others, with a month's wage over and above, and send them about their business. *

* How you do talk on, Lesbia ! I declare you are the same Lesbia you ever were. What you are, however, is all vastly fine, but you forget I have let my town house for a term of years, and when my visit to you is over, where and where

* Staff ! * said I, * visit over indeed ! Why of course stay with me altogether, and we'll take the children to the play, and to Rachel, we'll have oysters and tails, and be very merry and happy *

* Oh, very well, dear, as you please, * said my cousin.

So, my dear Phoebe, here we all are at my house in Cavendish square.

Evelyn and I are charmed with the change, the spacious salons of specimens, furnished on page XX, the sumptuous hangings, the marble mantelpieces, the special lace curtains of the all powdered happiness, and the sedate, well-bred, those salts, basons, etc., for — and six, as almost as good as the heads, besides the great lords and persons of quality who are visiting here my day, to pay their respects

But all this will not much interest you — my

Phoebe. You, who like best a g ol practical fu-
king episode — have at you then.

Four bantams, each opening into the one or
more of a series of small, constitute our sleeping
apartments, and thus we can receive or visit each
other whenever we like, and yet the servants be
re only ignorant of what is going on.

Thus, in one of all my scenes, I
frequently the most voluptuous scenes.
Nature we form the position called the py-
ramidal. My waist will then be naked on the
rest of the body: the mount is as with a knee up on
each of our knees, and a hand on each of our
shoulders. Then Evelyn, standing naked on a
chess, makes a triangle, the apex whereof is
held as steady as we can hold her, by his hands for an
hour, then I lower her, gives her a few threats,
and nowards gives me the like assurance. This is
good, &c., and the game of "one, two, three," is
we call it, often lasts half an hour.

At other times we throw a dark green coverlid over the bed, and all three, stark naked, lie thereon in the most tempting attitudes. This is our allegrone, troupe, we call, & the garden, & the velvet lawn, and we are the flowers, while Faunus, in his rich rafter of a thebe, flies from one swallow to the other, sipping with his tongue the nectar of the sun, and in does with a ree a part.

At other times we divert ourselves with a masquerade, each person dressing in their own costume, as by a preconcerted arrangement, which

As soon as, by a pre-arrangement, that all have first sight, if several tablets, we'll

ourselves, put out all the lights, and feel our way to the room selected for that evening. So soon all are seated. It is ten past and fifty was the time when the doors were thrown open. Let me describe it now.

First, there is a gay galant MR. B. a rich
coupled it, diamond hilted sword, bag, and
oliveira. This place last under his arm and his
well-heeled boots, and he comes to the
square. In a town, I has gallant is
a stout gentleman attired

Next the door is an elderly stout gentleman attired in a white robe, like a village parson. Lady B. is seated in a chair, and says,

Close by stood a lass, with spotted gown,
her back. This lovely lass is Evelyn.

her back. This lovely lass is Evelyn.
Next to her is the shepherd boy, with pipe and
book. A la Watteau.

so that the country girl stood aghast. All being ready, the gallant made his approaches to the country lass.

The parson tackled the shopkeeper, and the two columnists.

“ Pon honour, ” began the gallant, “ you are a vastly pretty creature, my dear, and have the finest face I ever saw, damme! How old are ye my dear? ”

“ Seventeen years and a quarter come Martinmas, an’t please ye, sir, ” replied the girl, dropping a curtsey.

“ And you’ve some pretty little bubs here, I’ll warrant, ” cried the gallant, thrusting his hand into her breast.

“ Oh, la! fie Sir! doant, doant! ”

“ Yes, but I must and will, damme! Don’t think Pia to be put off that way! ” and he thrust his hand up her clothes.

“ Oh lord! marcy! what are you arter? Oh my! now you’ve been and pulled all my clothes up behind. Well, I never! what is that? what is that? ” for the gallant had displayed his prick (otherwise dildo) and was thrusting it in the rear of the country girl.

While this scene was enacting between these two, the parson became very loving with the shepherd boy, caressing him in a manner not at all clerical. At length unbuttoning his flap, he let out an enormous cock (dildo again) and letting down the boy’s breeches, menaced him in a manner truly alarming; then passing his hand in front, he began to toy with a stiff little affair (i. e. dildo N° 3) as he shot in behind.

Meanwhile the country girl (Evelyn) and the gallant (myself), not finding much satisfaction in the attitude they had taken up, shifted it. The country lass lay on the bed, I dropped off dildo, his long,

erect prick entered me, and a fuck long and rapturous ensued.

A double dildo also enabled the parson (Lady B), and the shepherd boy (Jelis) to gratify their mutual inclinations, and yet maintain the delusion of the masque.

At length, as the clock chimed twelve, the masks were flung aside, and each recognised their companion.

“ Well, I declare, ” exclaimed Evelyn, “ I really thought you were aunty. ”

“ And I, ” cried Julia, “ imagined that in his reverence I had recognised dear Lady Gower! See how one may be deceived. ”

Then we sat down to a delicious collation, and whiled away an hour at quadrille, or lasquenette: both games you used to like, dear Phœbe.

Then we had a few songs, accompanied by the lute, and after that to bed. Another amusement is the bath, and my house contains a large one, worthy the name, in which twenty people could all bathe at once commodiously.

This bath, which is entirely of marble, was constructed for me by an Italian architect. It is circular, and the exact model of a small temple of Venus at Nola. It is in the Corinthian style, and lighted from the centre of the dome by an oeil de boeuf.

All round the piscina in the centre of the chamber, is a platform for the accommodation of the bathers, and marble statues representing water nymphs the size of life, and the marble slightly tinted resembles life; so that when we were all splashing about in the water, if a stranger had entered, he

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would have taken those reclining statues for some of our party, so life-like did they appear.

There are many worse things than a fock in the water. I have, as a child, often watched the ducks at this fun, and most amusing it was. I little thought then that I should ever be a duck fucked, as we call it.

We swim about in all directions, imitating ducks. — Quack, quack! — Then follows the old drake, repeating the cry, and presently jumps upon one of us (the drake of course being Evelyn), then the duck attacked, dives, and the stiff tool of Mr. Drake is foiled for that turn.

You have no idea of the excitement and fun of this game, only it is necessary that both the men and women who play at it should be good swimmers, as there is no sport at all unless the water is at least seven feet deep.

Many a hot summer's afternoon have I passed at this game, since my cousin and her proteges came up to town, and believe me there are few things like it.

Here we are, then, a united happy family, and here I hope my fair guests may long remain.

The two children — who are of course, dressed in the extremity of the mode — really appear most bewitching. They are made so much of by my friends and acquaintances, that I almost fear they will become conceited and spoiled.

But I think I have now told you all I have to tell, so adieu, my old friend.

Your own

LESSIA.

LETTER VII.

Containing a remarkable adventure that befel a sailor, fresh returned from sea.

CAPTAIN SHIVERMYTIMBERS TO PHOEBE.

My dear Phoebe,

You always were a tight craft, and a tickler favorite of mine. I will, therefore, tell you an adventure I met with at Ranelagh the other night.

I had just been to splice the mainbrace at one of those alcoves where the lush is sold, and was moving off on a bowline, when a smart, saucy looking frigate, with all her pennants flying, bore down on my starboard quarter, and raising her bow-ports-which you landlubbers call cyclids-she fired two such well aimed shots at me from her bow-chasers, that brought me up all standing.

* Ship ahoy! * says she.

* Ahoy! * says I.

* What ship's that? * says she.

* The Tollyrouser! * says I.

* Where are you bound? * says she.

* To Cunnyport, * says I.

* Come on board, * says she.

* Aye, aye! * says I.

So ranging up alongside, I doused my quid, and putting it in my pocket, I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and saluted the saucy frigate.

* Come, captain, * says she, * will you take me in tow? *

" With the greatest pleasure in the world, " says I. " Hook on with your grappling irons, miss ; and I offered her my arm.

" The cockpit is all ready, " says she ; " let's get out of the crowd and go under the trees, where there's not so much light."

" Heave ahead ! " says I, and we made for a dark shrubbery ; but before leaving the blaze of the light from the lamps, I stole a good squint at the prize, and a prettier young girl I never saw in my life.

" Any shot in the locker, Jack ? " says she.

" Lots my girl, " says I.

" Gold ? " says she, again.

" Here you are, " says I, and slipped a guinea into her hand.

By this we had reached the coppice, and coming to a seat, she knelt upon it, and pulling up her duds, said laughing.

" All the sailors say I have the cleanest run, and finest counter they ever saw ; so I always take up this position.

" Damn my eyes and limbs ! " says I, " all the positions are the same to me."

And I ran out my jibboom, grasping her by the hips.

She had an arse as hard as a nine pound shot, and as soft as satin ; and as she guided in my yard, my belly hit against her buttocks with a noise like the flapping of a seventy-four's maintopsail in a gale of wind.

I thought her wonderfully tight, but supposed she had not been long on town. Yet, after we had been poking some time, I thrust my hand round in front

then forty at least, that in a month she married him.

Then everything went to the devil. Captain Jackson would get drunk ; Captain Jackson would eat the watch ; Captain Jackson would bring strange whores into the house. He was in debt ; creditors came there and dunned him. He was a bully, so the men of quality, who used to go there, gave the house up. He was a gamester, and soon squandered all Phoebe's money (except, indeed, a little annuity, which he did not know of).

As for Chloe, when she saw how matters were going, she came to me, and I managed to withdraw her share in the Bagnio, Phoebe purchasing both it and her share in the freehold, and Chloe retired with a fortune of £ 20,000 or more in Consols.

With Phoebe, things went on from bad to worse. Her house got an ill name. The Captain mortgaged the freehold, debts increased, the furniture was seized, and the house closed. A few days after this climax, her husband was carried to his lodgings in a dying condition, having been run through the flings in a duel with a gentleman, whom he had insulted at a hell in St. James's the night before. This was indeed a happy release for poor Phoebe, who although ruined by her reckless husband, was soon set up in a new house by some of her old patrons, where Chloe was only too glad to rejoin her. Phoebe and Chloe are now the joint mistresses of the too celebrated White House in Soho, and some times honor me with their confidence, by asking my advice how to invest their rapidly increasing fortunes ; I am also the custodian of all their title deeds and curious correspondence, and it is their joint wish

that I should some day (when they have finally retired) bring out a short memoir of their famous establishment and enlighten the world as to the devilries and revelries there carried on.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

REGINALD RANDALL.

Temple, 17th. August, 1742.
To Frederic Moscock Esq.
Park Lane.

THE END.
